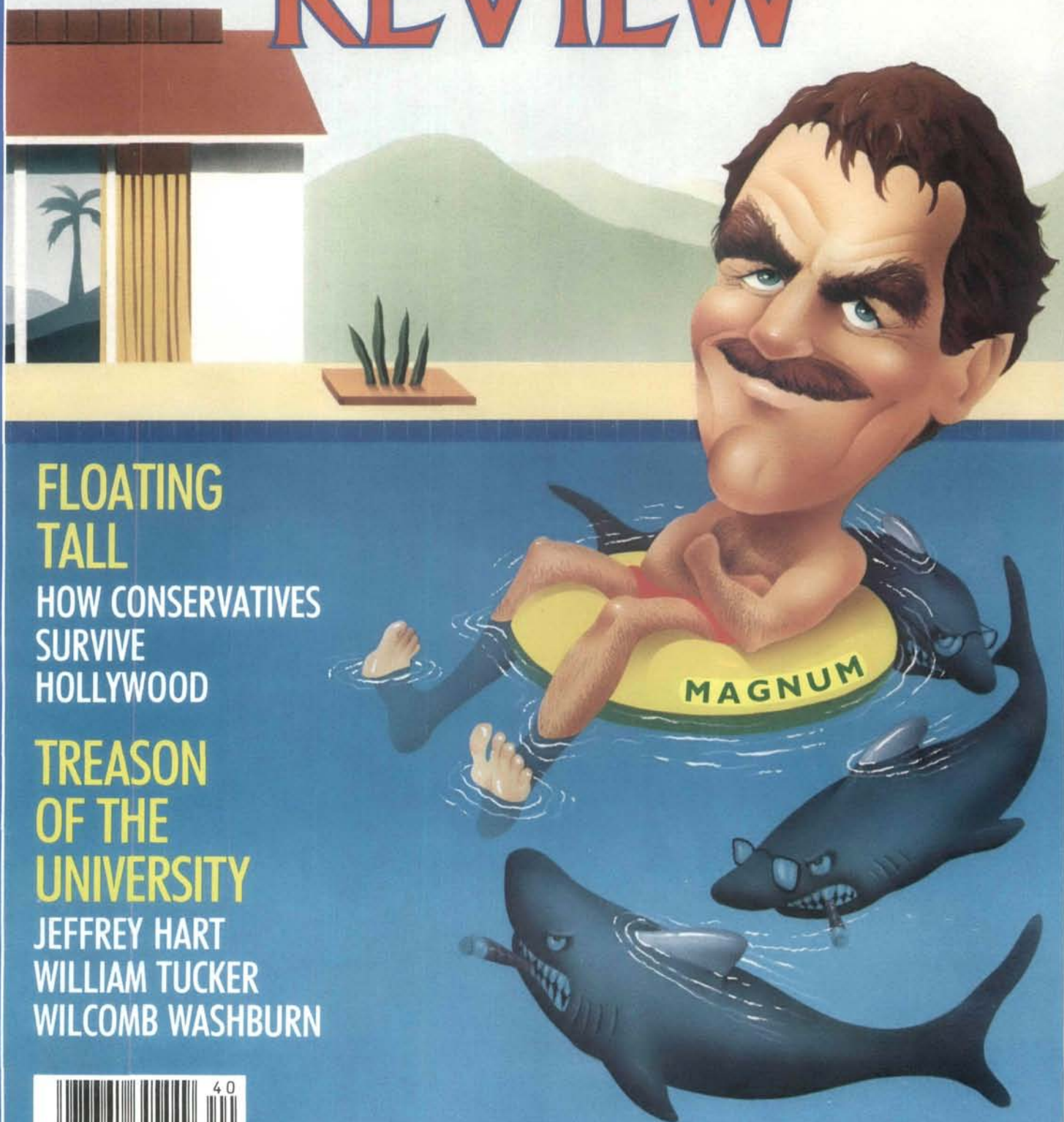


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NATIONAL REVIEW



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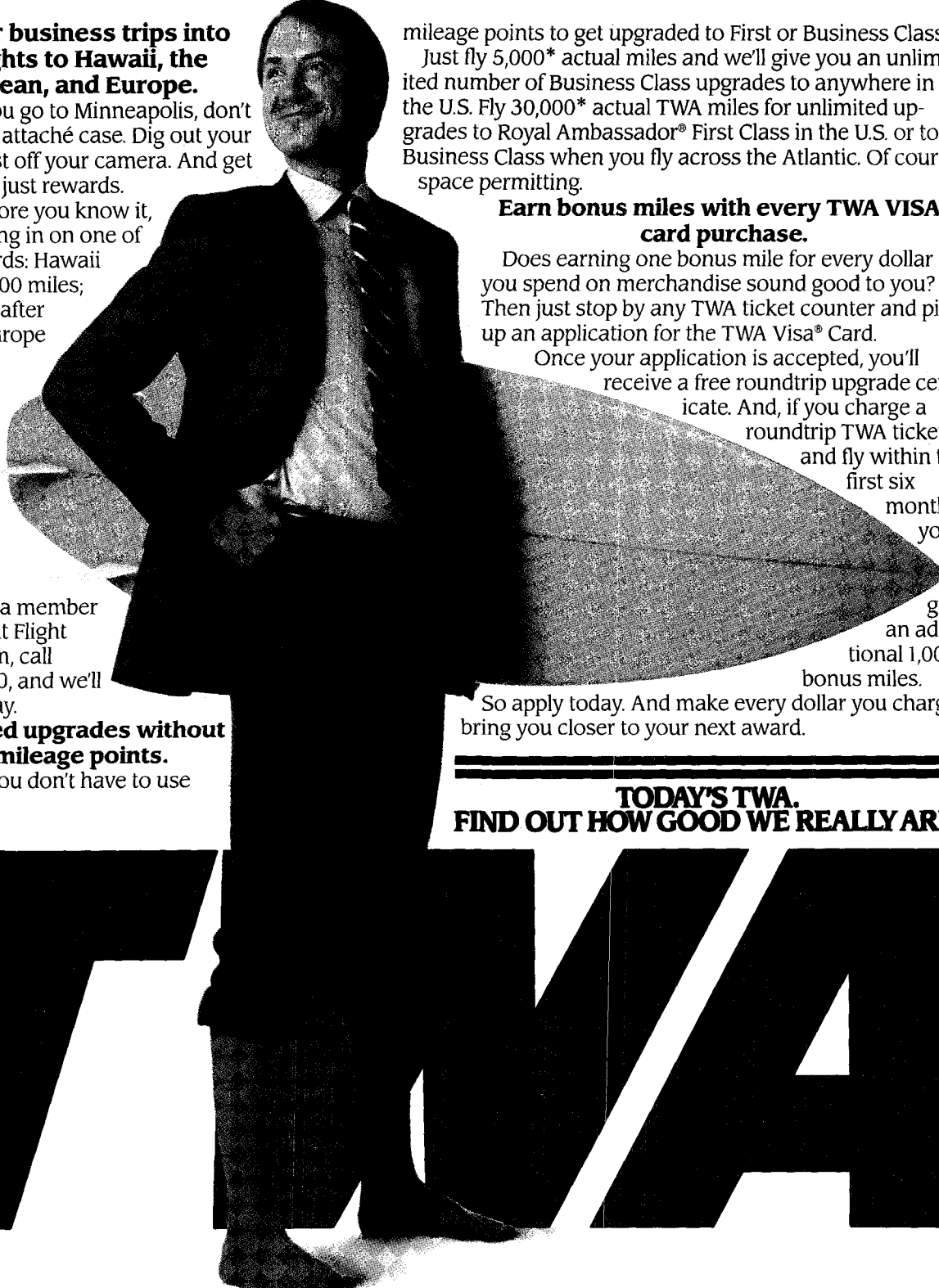
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Unsobering Optimism

In your September 16 issue, Richard Brookhiser and Patrick Buchanan give very sobering reviews of the conservative movement: "The conservative era, which never was, is over" ["Laissez les Bons Temps Finir"]; "Methinks we blew it. . . the opportunity will not come again" ["The Future of the GOP"]. Both are excellent thinkers who look, unfortunately, from the highly optimistic perspective of 1980 expectations.

In 1980, we had an impeccably perfect blueprint for conservative policy to transform America into the country that the Founders had intended it to be. But then reality descended, in the form of the House, the Senate, the liberal mobs, and the entrenched maze of impediments solidly planted in Washington. Reagan and his team realized that some gains are better than none. The views were articulated, and the bureaucracy, which Mr. Reagan learned was impossible to beat, is now staffed with conservatives.

The "almosts" and the "could have beens" probably outnumber the "ares" and the "dids," but eight years is a short time to clean up fifty years of garbage. The Revolution succeeded, but we brought opposition along with us. And yes, the next era, "with conservatives in it," is about to begin. It is better to be in it than to be talking about it.

Thomas C. Gullucci
Alexandria, Va.

Tergiversator?

Permit me a postscript to Joseph Sobran's review of Thomas Kean's *The Politics of Inclusion* [Sept. 2]. He quotes Mr. Kean on his dealings with anti-abortion groups during his 1981 campaign: "I simply could not agree to support a constitutional amendment to deny women the right to an abortion in every instance."

As a member of the N.J. Right to Life Committee, I was part of a small delegation that met with Mr. Kean to poll him on his abortion position. He expressed reservations about an amendment that would not include exceptions for rape and incest, but concluded that as governor he would have to support a human-life amendment. A short time later, newspapers quoted him from an address to a feminist organization saying that he would do everything in his

power to stop a human-life amendment.

He writes in his book: "Had I accepted their [the anti-abortionists'] case [for the amendment] I would have violated my own integrity and the voters would have known." Now they know.

Betty Ennis-LaRosa
Westfield, N.J.

Who Dunit?

Jeffrey Hart, in his book review of *The Lindbergh Case* by Jim Fisher [Sept. 2], asserts that Bruno Richard Hauptmann was "guilty as hell." But the exact opposite is, in our opinion, the truth.

The definitive book on this famous crime is *In Search of the Lindbergh Baby* by Theon Wright. Wright completely and accurately exonerates Hauptmann in all respects, and concludes that the kidnapping was planned and carried out by Chicago bootleggers as a grand finale to the Prohibition era.

Bruno Richard Hauptmann—a victim of the anti-German hysteria that prevailed in America, in response to the rise of the Nazis—was convicted and executed in a lynch-mob atmosphere, for a crime he never committed.

William Moody
Clifton Wellman
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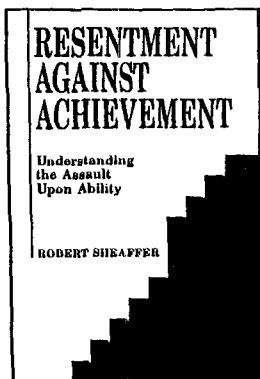
Sorry, he was guilty.

—JH

Illusion of Independence

Maggie Gallagher's keen analysis of our federal legal-services crisis ["The New Serfs," Aug. 5] reminds us that, post Reagan, conservatives must still face what former LSC Board Chairman William F. Harvey has adjudged "the strongest political network in the U.S. today." If anyone doubts this, ask Robert Bork. The disgrace, as Miss Gallagher correctly notes, is that the left-liberal LSC grantee network has developed almost exclusively with federal tax dollars and under the guise of "helping the poor."

Allow me, though, to offer two modifications to her analysis. First, past diatribes and legal challenges against the LSC have all made the mistake of focusing on the political shenanigans perpetrated by the network of left-wing activists who receive grants from the LSC. These pernicious activities are but a symptom of a far deeper, institutional disease eating away at our legal-services



What's Behind The Politics of Envy?

RESENTMENT AGAINST ACHIEVEMENT

Understanding the Assault Upon Ability

by Robert Sheaffer

“Every once in awhile a book is published that is marked by a bold and original thesis that seems to make life more intelligible. Usually it breaks taboos or tacitly agreed-upon silences, and says things that are not ‘supposed’ to be said with a directness that hits like a slap in the face.

I am thinking of such works as Jose Ortega y Gasset’s *The Revolt of the Masses*, Nock’s *Our Enemy, the State*, and Schoeck’s *Envy*, and of such authors as Nietzsche, Mencken, and Rand.

It is to this company that Robert Sheaffer’s new book *RESENTMENT AGAINST ACHIEVEMENT* belongs. It is a work of cultural interpretation of high courage.

Envy vs. Achievement

The thesis of Sheaffer’s book is that there are two opposing moral codes at work in society. One is the morality of achievement, of work, competence, and accomplishment. The other is the morality of resentment against achievement. When the first predominates, we witness human accomplishments in one area after another. It is responsible for the rise of civilization. When the second predominates however, we witness the rise of spite, envy and hostility to achievement. Social parasitism and appeasement of envy and resentment rise until civilizations go into decline.

Sheaffer analyzes the nature of achievement and the benevolent life-force that makes it possible, contrasting it with the nature of resentment, and the roots of both in childhood. His analysis here is especially acute, and it is unusual to find someone at ease in broad historical generalization who also understands anything about individual psychological development on this level. Take, for example, this profoundly simple yet penetrating explanation of why poor children so seldom find success:

The fact that children of the lower classes are bombarded with lower-class values every day of their lives suffices to explain why so few of them ever accomplish anything. The powerful resentments within the lower classes, which punish deviation from norms with not only verbal abuse but frequently with physical violence, act as exceedingly powerful deterrents to upward mobility.

Then Sheaffer shifts to the broader picture, and the book moves from one outstanding passage and insight to another. The chapter on social classes analyzes resentment as a manifestation of lower-class values, and exposes the rival consequences of young people coming to imitate, alternately, the values of those who value achievement and those who scorn it. Sheaffer turns on a powerful social X-ray here, and the results are penetrating.

Institutionalized Resentment

The book goes on to analyze the political consequences of appeasing resentment, particularly the rise of the welfare state and the ideology of collectivism. Socialism in his hands fares about as well as it did at the hands of Ludwig von Mises and Ayn Rand: their special scorn for it is his, also. His defense of science, technology, and economic growth is flamboyant and uninhibited. And his celebration of human achievement and all the glories it makes possible rivals both the poetry of Nietzsche and the passion of Ayn Rand.

Sometimes Sheaffer’s reach exceeds his grasp, and there are passages in this book I found embarrassing, such as his ruminations on American foreign policy or his attack on popular and rock music.

But never mind. I admire this book greatly, and am happy to hail it as a wonderful achievement. Reading it is that rarest of pleasures: an exciting experience that doesn’t let up from the first page ‘till the last. Bravo! ”

—Roy A. Childs, Jr.

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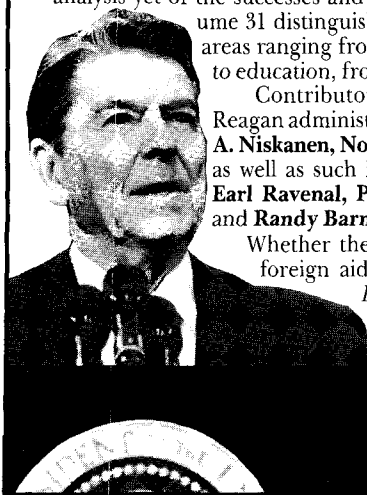
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program: the paralysis of the presidentially appointed LSC board of directors in its attempts to reform the system—a paralysis caused by oppressive congressional restrictions on appropriations, subverting the board's independence and ability to execute and enforce the laws. Through an orchestrated default, Congress (specifically a few House and Senate appropriations subcommittees) now micromanages the discretionary details of the corporation and performs executive-branch functions. All this contrary to the constitutional doctrine of separation of powers, as well as to the enabling legislation that created the LSC as an independent corporation intended to be "free from any outside interference, political or otherwise." We call this little charade the "illusion of independence."

Secondly, while Chairman Durant certainly deserves praise for his bold creativity, the most tenacious and courageous conservative battling in the midst of the firestorm went unmentioned: LSC Director LeaAnne Bernstein. We represent Mrs. Bernstein, along with Congressman Philip Crane and William Dannemeyer, in their declaratory suit aimed at determining once and for all the constitutional boundaries for the operation of the LSC. In addition to this bold venture, Mrs. Bernstein has been the most persistent proponent of fiscal accountability and program reform within the LSC.

Several years of research, investigation, and litigation concerning our federal legal-services program have convinced me that absolutely no authentic reform will take place until we deal with the heart of the problem: the lack of political accountability in the operation of the LSC and its board. Until we expose this "illusion of independence," and until conservatives develop and effectuate a positive plan of attack, we will be forever left with hollow hand-wringing.

Mark J. Bredemeier
Landmark Legal Foundation
Kansas City, Mo.

Thanks, I Brought My Lunch

The cartoon showing Michael Dukakis as the maitre d' in Duke's Restaurant [Aug. 19, p. 30] motivated me to have a look at the menu. Here is what I found:

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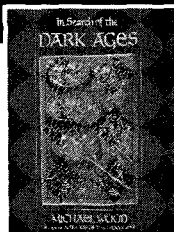
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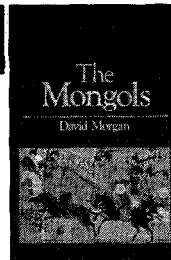
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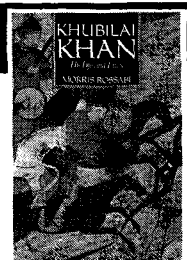
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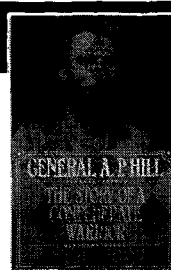
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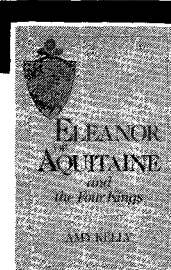
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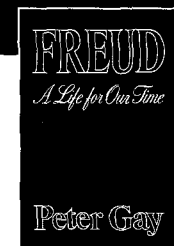
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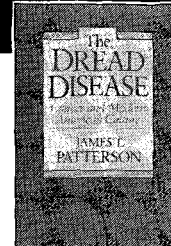
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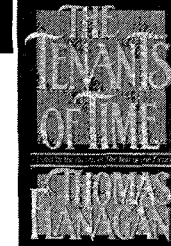
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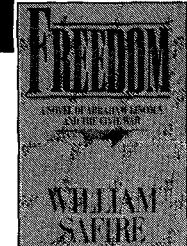
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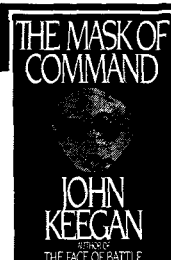
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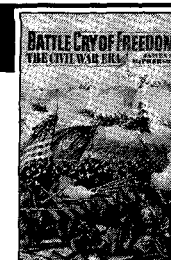
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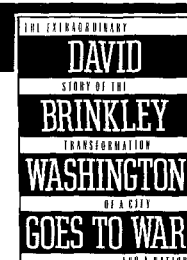
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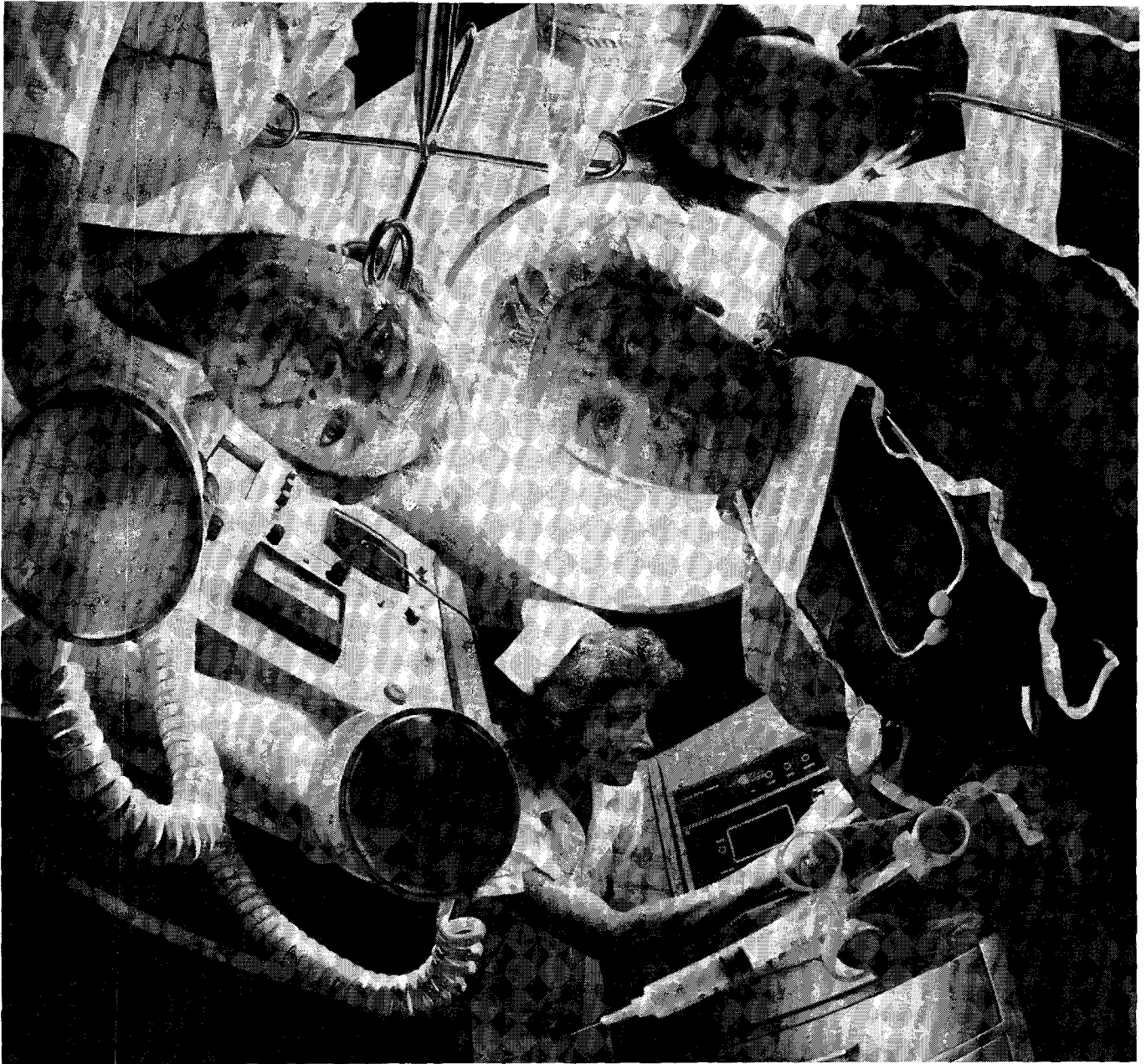
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FOR THE RECORD

In the presidential sweepstakes, who leads at the first turn? *Time* magazine Labor Day poll shows **George Bush** ahead of **Michael Dukakis** 47 to 42 per cent. End of August Times-Mirror poll shows Bush's favorable rating at 65 per cent, up from 52 per cent in May. In June, only 30 per cent of voters described Dukakis as liberal; now that figure is 40. . . . Some reasons: **Quayle**-bashing took the spotlight from Dukakis; then Bush camp pounded him for vetoing Pledge of Allegiance bill. Bush also attacked Dukakis on defense: "Sometimes he gives me the impression that he's opposed to every new weapons system since the slingshot." . . . What do the pundits and pros say about the change of lead? **Claibourne Darden Jr.**, an Atlanta pollster, reports: "They [the Republicans] told people that Dukakis is not patriotic, is a big social spender, doesn't tell the truth, lets rapists and murderers out . . . on weekends, and that Boston Harbor is so dirty it reminds you of the Bay of Pigs." . . . **Evans & Novak** report that **Willie Brown**, Democratic Speaker of California Assembly, has been scolding Dukakis for his strategy in the state; Brown charges Dukakis with "lack of creativity," and with giving the cold shoulder to many of state's powerful Democrats. Brown says polls gave the Duke 17-point lead in California a month ago; now, he is "even at best." . . . **Biden**-smasher, ex-Dukakis manager **John Sasso** rejoins campaign, to sighs of relief from members of staff. Mass. State Sen. **David H. Locke** called Sasso "the chairman emeritus of the sleaze factor in American politics." . . . *Christian Science Monitor* reports a Moscow official saying about the election: "There is a temptation to view Dukakis's 'Massachusetts Miracle' as a kind of American *perestroika*." Dukakis, he added, might be well suited "to joining us in the search for a whole new post-cold-war approach to international relations." . . . While



"I'm hoping I'll be picked for the riots in Seoul."

former President **Richard Nixon** has not been asked for much advice in the election, he wrote in *Newsweek* that the Massachusetts governor "has a latent mean streak, which can be very useful for a leader but disastrous for a candidate." . . . Dukakis's response to *Wall Street Journal* charges that since 1983 Dukakis "presided over the biggest spending spree of any state in recent history": "I've never found the editorial pages of the *Wall Street Journal* to be particularly worth reading." . . . There are signs of growing tension between **Jesse Jackson** and Democratic presidential campaign, with Dukakis camp telling Jackson not to campaign in certain states. . . . Meanwhile, Republicans' third man—**Ronald Reagan**—will campaign one or two days a week for his former running-mate.

In Senate races, high hopes have faded for GOP in New Jersey as ex-football star, Rhodes scholar **Pete Dawkins** seems to have lost the fizz in his campaign. . . . In Nevada, Gov. **Rich-**

ard **Bryan** has taken lead in polls (*Las Vegas Review-Journal*) 53 to 39 per cent over Republican incumbent Sen. **Chic Hecht**. Mid-August *Wall Street Journal* article lambasted Hecht for variety of personal and legislative failings. . . . Rep. **Connie Mack III** defeated U.S. Attorney **Robert Merkle** in GOP primary in Florida, 58 to 42 per cent. Mack will face winner of October Democratic run-off between **Bill Gunter** and Rep. **Kenneth McKay**. . . . In California, GOP Sen. **Pete Wilson** is trying to become first one-term incumbent to hold onto that seat in 36 years. Wilson (\$13 million in war chest) continues to hold lead over Lt. Gov. **Leo McCarthy** (\$9 million), 48 to 34 per cent.

Encyclopaedia Britannica has canceled plans to market **Ted Turner's** education package, *Portrait of the Soviet Union*. The series, which ran on Turner's cable TV station, was considered by Soviet officials to be too saccharine about USSR. . . . Conference Board reports that AIDS has moved from ninth on list of nation's most serious problems (in survey of five thousand American households) to first, in a year and a half. Drug abuse and cost of medical care rank second and third, testimony to power of media in pressing AIDS story.

Around the world: **Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn** has been invited to join committee that will supervise building of Soviet memorial honoring victims of **Stalin's** repression. . . . In South Africa, impasse continues between jailed ANC leader **Nelson Mandela** and President **P. W. Botha**. Botha offers to release Mandela, who is in hospital with tuberculosis, but only if Mandela renounces violence—which he refuses to do. **Chris Dhlamini**, of Congress of South African Trade Unions, said: "We are sure that people are not just going to keep quiet if their leader has to die in prison." . . . USIA's **Herb Romerstein** says Moscow's Washington Summit statement—"no more lies, no more disinformation"—does not apply to KGB. He says, "We're seeing two tracks—a new openness and frankness . . . and doing business in the same old disinformation and forgeries . . . and they're both running simultaneously."

THE WEEK

□ Maybe Bentsen should drop him from the ticket.

□ Budget constraints and declining American support for overseas troop deployments will force a gradual scaling down of American military commitments, says a report from the (Democrat-dominated) House Armed Services Committee. The report argues that our allies, especially West Germany and Japan, should increase defense spending because they have a more immediate interest than the U.S. in defending their territory. Whether the report's conclusions are in the interest of national security depends on the question: Will an American withdrawal be based on a declining Soviet threat or on declining American resolve? The Iron Curtain still stands, Southeast Asia still bleeds, and Ortega is still in power. Our allies know the answer. So do the Soviets.

□ The return of John Sasso to the Dukakis camp is cause for mirth among the cognoscenti. Especially to be cherished is the information that Dukakis, having "accepted" Sasso's resignation last September, has been in "close touch" with him thereafter. The original story, meanwhile, has changed. A year ago, Sasso resigned because he had "lied" to Dukakis about acquiring and distributing the famous attack video convicting Joe Biden of plagiarism. Today, the Dukakis hq is talking not about lying about the video's distribution, but about its inherent objectionability. Uh-huh. With Sasso back, expect dirtier tricks, especially in the last week of the campaign. Dukakis, desperate now, would bring Indelicato back, if he could furlough him from prison.

□ The Reverend Jesse Jackson and New York's feisty Mayor Ed Koch finally held an awkward summit meeting in Governor Mario Cuomo's Manhattan office, an event of some revelatory importance. The meeting demonstrated, once again, Jackson's signal and poisonous achievement: the thorough racialization of American politics. Jackson is important not because of what he stands for, which is contemptible, but because he gets 90 per cent of the black vote just because he is black. In April, Mr. Koch had opined that Jews would be "crazy" to vote for Jackson in the New York primary—a much too restrictive analysis, in that anyone at all would have to be crazy to vote for a

leftist-socialist admirer of Che Guevara, whatever the tint of his skin. But then Jackson proceeded to compare Koch's thoroughly justified remark to Howard Beach, the Bernhard Goetz case, and the shooting of Eleanor Bumpurs. Jackson simply buys the virtually tribal position on all of these matters. Nonetheless, Mayor Koch had to sit down with this racial demagogue and pretend to bury the hatchet. To such dire straits has the Democratic Party come.

□ Asked by *Crossfire's* Patrick Buchanan why he doesn't protest conditions in Cuba as well as those in South Africa, Randall Robinson of TransAfrica replied it's because Cuba has been "liberated." That was simple enough. Ask about Ethiopia, Pat, and you'll get the same answer.

□ Nine months after the Washington Summit, the INF Treaty's experiment in joint verification already looks shaky. Seven Soviet inspectors, among thirty bound for long-term assignments at our Utah Pershing-rocket plant, were barred from entering the U.S. after investigations by the FBI and CIA revealed that the Soviet "scientists" were agents of the KGB and GRU. A few weeks later, Soviet authorities claimed to have caught three American inspectors trying to sneak a suspicious collection of hypersensitive Soviet doodads back to the United States. The doodads—filched, the Soviet Union claims, from its principal nuclear-test site—turned out to be a bunch of rocks, a hammer, an Allen wrench, and a snippet of barbed wire. Disarmament proceeds.

And the Last Shall Be First

Bush, mounted, swings the studded mace,
Old Glory flapping in his face,
While, still on foot, Dukakis ducks,
Exasperated by the clucks
From party pros, who say his edge
Collapsed the day he trashed the Pledge;
Meanwhile, the press now questions Quayle
As if he seeks the Holy Grail.

W. H. VON DREELE

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

RONALD REAGAN has less than four weeks left in his Presidency to stick it to Congress. He has less than four weeks, that is, if Congress does what it is never able to do—stay on the schedule it has fixed for itself.

According to plan, the 100th Congress is supposed to put itself to bed on October 7. Until then, the Reagan Administration and the Democrats who control the Congress will have one last chance to squabble over many of the same budget and foreign-policy issues that have bedeviled Washington over the past seven and a half years: Will the Democrats buckle and allow some U.S. military aid to the Nicaraguan Contras? Will the White House fold and go along with Democratic restrictions on the Strategic Defense Initiative? Will the Democrats try to override President Reagan's inevitable veto of their protectionist textile bill? And what about the continuing resolution?

Savor these cliffhangers now. We will not see them again. And the fact that we've heard the same questions often enough to get dewy-eyed at the thought of their passage into history (at least that's what happens to Cato) says much about the era that spawned them.

A century from now, when political archaeologists sift through the verbal rubble of the Eighties, they will find the most interesting rhetorical arrowheads strewn along the Pennsylvania Avenue axis connecting the White House with Capitol Hill. Forget about the Intermediate-Range Nuclear Forces Treaty. Forget about the economic boom. The real story of the Reagan Presidency will be told not by its obvious successes, but by its repeated battles with Congress.

Those battles will tell of a President who sought to lead a revolution and failed—but, in failing, managed to transform the political landscape into something much more to his liking and the liking of those who elected him. If the Great Communicator never managed to convince one and all—or even most—to join his cause, at least he talked his opponents into thinking twice before crossing him.

All of which is suggested by the sorts of things on Congress's to-do list for the next few weeks. Take the Contra-aid question. Democrats love to invoke polls showing that a majority of voters remain firmly opposed to the President's policy of aiding the anti-Communist rebels (that is, to the extent they know which side we've been supporting). They revel in the embarrassment that the arms-to-the-Ayatollah-for-cash-to-the-Contras imbroglio brought to the Administration. They nominate for the Presidency a man who has lambasted U.S. policy in Central America as "immoral" and "illegal." And yet . . .

They still can't quite bring themselves to turn their backs on the Contras. When peace talks between the Contras and Nicaragua's ruling Sandinistas broke down earlier this summer, Democrats and Republicans alike scrambled to provide the Contras with the support necessary to maintain their credibility at the bargaining table.

Of course, that doesn't mean the two parties could agree on just what that package ought to include. Just before the August recess, Democrats railroaded through the Senate, over White House objections, a package that would allow the U.S. to dispatch about \$23 million in new "humanitarian" aid to the Contras. The plan also held out some hope that \$16 million of previously purchased military equipment might be released from Honduran warehouses and sent to Contra camps.

Republicans wanted a firmer com-

mitment for consideration of military aid than Democrats were willing to give. Nevertheless, the Democrats' eagerness to come up with a Contra-aid package of their own underscored the extent to which they recognized that Contra aid could become a potent political issue for Republicans. More importantly, it demonstrated their reluctant conviction that the Sandinistas would never have had any incentive to make good on promises of reform were it not for the presence of the Contras.

"It's hard to admit you've been wrong all these years," says an aide to one prominent Democratic congressman who has maintained steady and vocal opposition to the Administration's Contra policy.

Such an admission, in itself, hardly constitutes an unqualified victory for the President: he has, after all, spent an enormous amount of political capital for a policy that remains almost as controversial as ever. Yet it is a fairly significant symbolic payoff for Reagan's persistence—some would say obstinacy—in the face of sometimes torrential opposition.

The fate of the Senate's Contra package will be decided sometime this month, when House and Senate conferees sit down to hammer out details of the defense-spending bill to which it has been attached. Meanwhile, there are expectations in the diplomatic community that the Sandinistas and the Contras themselves may sit down once again and have another go at it.

Regardless of the outcome, however, a critical principle has been established. Reagan's sales pitch for the Contras has not been a complete success. Yet the Democrats' concessions have helped to ensure that the Reagan Doctrine—which mandates U.S. assistance to freedom-fighters struggling to overthrow repressive Communist regimes in their countries—could be discarded only at great political peril by Mr. Reagan's successor.

—CATO

□ Two federal appeals courts have issued conflicting rulings on state laws (Minnesota and Ohio) requiring that parents be informed when their teenage children seek abortions. The Minnesota law was upheld; the Ohio one was struck down. The issue will no doubt go to the Supreme Court, three of whose octogenarian liberals are clinging to their seats until the next President takes office, no doubt praying (figuratively speaking, of course) that it will be Dukakis.

□ PLEASE, PLEASE DON'T HELP, DEP'T. According to a current poll, 55 per cent of the public thinks Dukakis could do more for small business than Bush. However, small-business owners themselves favor Bush over Dukakis by 78 to 17 per cent.

□ More stealth technology: the explanation by Robert Borosage of the leftist Institute for Policy Studies (and Jesse Jackson's "issues" advisor), to *Rolling Stone*:

"The reason we didn't have a real fight over the platform is that the Dukakis people gave us so much of what we wanted—as long as we were willing to accept language so broad and generalized that the ideas sound innocuous. Seventy per cent of the platform is actually from Jackson's agenda [i.e., from the IPS], but you'd never be able to figure that out unless you were an expert."

□ Costa-Gavras (does he have a first name?) is back, with another new movie about heartland fascism, *Be-trayed*. Debra Winger plays an FBI undercover agent who gets under the covers with a racist killer played by Tom Berenger. We have a feeling we can guess the rest. "Costa-Gavras is the ultimate liberal movie-maker," raves Jack Kroll in *Newsweek*. Since Costa-Gavras calls himself a Marxist, Kroll must be the ultimate liberal bullslinger.

□ Costa-Gavras, Kazantzakis, Dukakis. The Turks are looking better and better.

□ The frozen rituals and categories, not to say the fixed targets, of organized protest—a/k/a World Opinion—were neither prepared nor mobilized to bewail the slaughter of thousands of Hutus in Burundi or of an unknown number of Kurds in Iraq. Both were actions of governments that are members in good standing of the UN General Assembly, where they routinely join in denunciations of South African apartheid and Israeli "repression" (which has killed, over nine months, a tiny fraction of the number who died in Burundi in one week). The ruling Tutsis killed the Hutus the old-fashioned way, with bayonets and machetes; the Iraqis went relatively high-tech, with poison gas left over from the war with Iran. In both cases, World Opinion dumbly witnessed a raw savagery contemptuous of reproach. The events brought home the real parallel between Israel and South Africa, not quite the one usually drawn: they are societies whose rulers exhibit traces of conscience and whose dissidents have some chance under the law.

□ *Glasnost* just keeps on comin' at you. The latest wrinkle is that Soviet maps are going to start showing cities, rivers, boundaries, streets, and other topographical details where they really are, not where the secret police say they are. By 1990 it may not be necessary to go to the CIA for a reliable map of Moscow. At the same time, though, KGB chairman Viktor Chebrikov warns that some people may be abusing *glasnost* for subversive purposes and reminds us of the vital distinction between liberty and license. A timely warning. First you let 'em have maps and the next thing you know it's porn and drugs and *habeas corpus*.

□ Acting with unseemly haste, the British government repealed a law that closed the pubs from 3:00 to 5:30

every afternoon to curb drinking by munitions workers, which perhaps made more sense when the law was passed, during World War I.

□ The good folk of Bishopville, South Carolina, say they have seen a seven-foot, green, scaly, red-eyed, three-toed Lizard Man who can run forty miles per hour. Is anybody missing a politician?

□ What are *you* doing in the cold war, Mommy? A letter-writer to *Chronicles of Culture* reports that he was waved through the gate to a military base, on which strategic-alert aircraft are based, by "a military security guard . . . in a maternity smock." The good news is: the guard was a girl.

□ One unremarked lesson of the Pledge debate: If Mike Dukakis gets to pick his own Supreme Court, the Pledge *will* be unconstitutional.

□ Manufacturing in Los Angeles is **CLOSED** this week, Eastern Airlines is **OPEN**, and the city of Yonkers is **CLOSED**, all by federal decree.

Resisting American Power

IF THERE IS a single theme uniting the foreign-policy views of Governor Dukakis, as outlined in a sympathetic but damaging profile in the *New York Times*, it is a deep distrust of American power. He disapproves of the liberation of Grenada and the successful application of American power in the Persian Gulf. Though he has made a point of his linguistic accomplishments, and has traveled a good deal in the southern hemisphere, he has not been attracted to the great capitals of America's major European allies. In his few forays into Western Europe, he has stuck to Greece, Ireland, and Sweden, reflecting his ethnic loyalties, his constituency's interests, and his political sympathies respectively. He thinks most international crises would be better tackled by organizations like the UN than by U.S. leadership.

It seems he acquired this instinctive nervousness of U.S. action as a young man spending a summer in Latin America, when he was shocked by the CIA's involvement in the overthrow of Guatemala's leftist regime. "All this came about in the context of the most hysterical McCarthyism, the cold war, Stalin, the Iron Curtain," he recalls with a shudder. This is not even correct at the level of straightforward fact. The Iron Curtain was still in place when Jacobo Arbenz fell, but Stalin had died the year before, and the Army-McCarthy hearings had pretty well ended the Wisconsin senator's career earlier that spring.

What is curious, however, is the lesson Mr. Dukakis would have us draw from his facts. The lesson is

not that the U.S. had to resist the intrusion into the western hemisphere of regimes that took their inspiration from the Soviet Union, which was still (with or without Stalin) prosecuting the cold war. Rather, the lesson was that resistance should be directed against U.S. actions inspired by "McCarthyism," which in this context is a synonym for containment.

Mr. Dukakis has apparently maintained this opinion since 1954. It has not been affected by the fact that Guatemala today has a democratic government, while Cuba, where the Dukakis Doctrine of non-containment was applied, not only is undemocratic but maintains other oppressive regimes around the world. The United Nations does nothing about this, perhaps because the regimes in question have votes there, and their protector power, the Soviet Union, has a veto. A Dukakis Administration, basing its foreign policy on the theory of resisting American power, would mean first a power vacuum, and then the expansion, even if reluctant under Mr. Gorbachev, of Soviet power.

Thirty Million More Jobs

VICE PRESIDENT Bush says he wants to add thirty million jobs in the next eight years. The claim "has baffled economists of all political stripes," according to a *Wall Street Journal* story by Alan Murray. There are only 6.6 million unemployed, Mr. Murray explains, and the Labor Department expects only 15 million new entrants to the labor market over that period (including over six million immigrants); so even if unemployment fell to zero, that would still add up to less than 22 million. Such figures are being used to question Mr. Bush's credibility, but they should instead be used to question the Labor Department's projections.

At the end of last year, the measured U.S. population (aside from uncounted aliens), of persons 16 years of age and older, was 185.4 million. The civilian labor force was 65.7 per cent of the population—up from 63.8 per cent in 1980. If the population continues to grow at the same rate, it will be 205.3 million at the end of 1996. If the participation rate also rises to 69 per cent, the labor force will

expand by more than 21 million. Reducing unemployment by a bit more than half a percentage point would add another million workers, for a total of 22 million. If immigration adds another million a year, as might well happen whether we like it or not, that adds up to thirty million.

There are two critical assumptions in these calculations—namely, increased participation in the labor force, and increased immigration. These assumptions relate to the low tax rates under the 1981 and 1986 tax reforms. One of the least recognized achievements of the Reagan Revolution is the dramatic turnaround in labor-force-participation rates among minorities—which dropped from 64.8 to 61.7 per cent between 1958 and 1980, but have since jumped back to 64.8 per cent. The reduction of tax rates has restored the incentive to work, particularly among minorities once stuck in the poverty trap, and there is every reason to expect additional improvement if tax rates remain reasonable. As for immigration, the lure of moderate tax rates will surely draw skilled entrepreneurs and professionals from places like Hong Kong, where thousands are already fleeing the impending Communist takeover. It will also attract young college graduates from places like Ireland, where thousands are fleeing the reality of oppressive taxation. Such immigration is an inexpensive way to increase the U.S. economy's human capital.

To strive for thirty million new jobs is, to be sure, an extremely ambitious goal, but what is wrong with ambitious goals? At least the Bush campaign has the direction right, unlike the opposition's "Phillips curve" economists, who still claim, against the obvious contrary example of Japan, that high unemployment is the way to fight inflation.

Blacks and the GOP

A NUMBER OF courageous blacks have become Republicans, free-market thinkers, and opponents of reverse discrimination. Some have held high posts in the Reagan Administration. Demographic studies show that blacks in the 18 to 29 age group are twice as likely to vote Republican as older blacks.

Nevertheless, the Democratic Party continues to get upwards of 90 per cent of the black vote in most elections, and, as the media tirelessly remind us, there were many more black delegates in Atlanta than there were in New Orleans.

In its present phase, American culture and politics are being cruelly racialized. That a candidate expressing the views of Jesse Jackson could receive overwhelming support from black voters is nothing less than a national embarrassment. Those Jackson voters considered being black more important than being intelligent or even being American. This type of loyalty is unprecedented in our politics. The Catholic

Hello, Again

John Sasso, who did Biden in,
Is back to regulate the spin,
But with Dukakis dizzy from
A loss of equilibrium,
One wonders if the Wiz could stop
The wobble that afflicts this top.

W. H. VON DREELE

vote for Jack Kennedy in 1960 was substantial but not *automatic*; and Geraldine Ferraro could not attract even a bare majority of women to the Democratic ticket in 1984.

The mindless racialization of our politics and culture has of course been encouraged by our colleges, which have institutionalized and rewarded black separatism. Another manifestation of it may be seen in the reckless behavior of Congress toward South Africa, as if blacks were less free there than in Mozambique or Ethiopia.

To be sure, the political behavior of American blacks is bound to change over time. Economics will be the key. There is no reason why a black businessman or physician should be more eager to pay high taxes than his white counterpart is. The Democratic Party will no doubt hold onto many black voters by treating them as a special interest, but it will no longer be able to count their vote as a given.

The first woman to run on a national ticket, the disastrous Geraldine Ferraro, was an affirmative-action case and, as such, appropriately a Democrat. The first woman appointed to the Supreme Court, Sandra Day O'Connor, was not an affirmative-action case. She made it on her merits, and she is a Republican.

Keep an eye on the blacks who have served in this Administration, building their credentials, paying their dues. Nothing is clearer than that the first black President will be a fiscally and socially conservative Republican.

Where Credit Isn't Due

EVERY FIVE YEARS or so, the United Nations provides conference facilities, bilingual secretaries, simultaneous translation, and expert chairmanship for two nations at war that have decided to call it quits and

want to save face while doing so. All the UN asks in return is to be given credit for the ensuing "peace."

This is a modest and useful function. But it is not peacekeeping. It does not compensate Western countries for the unending abuse otherwise directed at them in UN debates. And it does not demonstrate that the UN could be a substitute for the exercise of American power except on those very rare occasions when the U.S. and the Soviets have an urgent identical interest in stopping some minor skirmish in the Third World.

We thought that Daniel Patrick Moynihan and Jeane Kirkpatrick had established these truths at the center of American policy. But with the UN's assistance in concluding the Iran-Iraq negotiations, the old illusion of the UN as the last best hope for peace is rising from the grave. Apparently we really *want* to be deceived, some of us.

Introduction to Communism, 1988

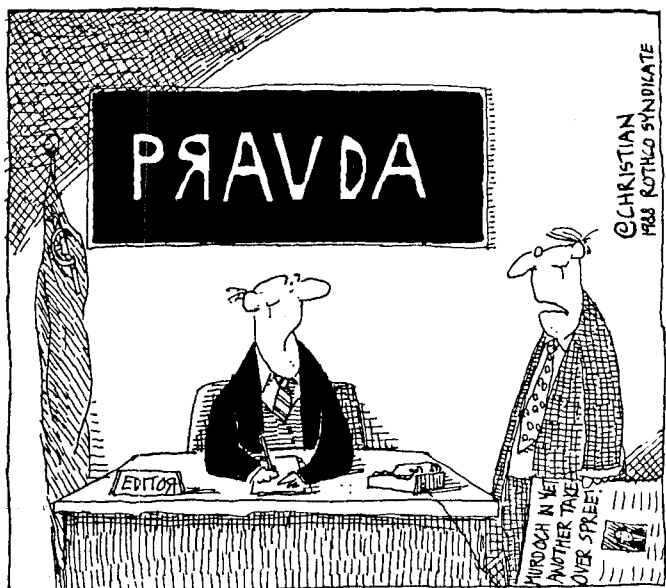
AS THE PEDAGOGIC CYCLE begins again, professors of political science will be struggling to interpret for a new generation of students the riddle inside the enigma that is contemporary Communism. One topic will inevitably receive considerable attention: behavior on the part of several Communist regimes that might be called "applied *glasnost*."

Current events in Poland will be cited as prominent examples. In particular, academics will ponder approvingly the unprecedented willingness of the Soviet-backed Jaruzelski regime in Warsaw to meet with Lech Walesa. Many will regard this event—conveying implicit (if not explicit) recognition of the outlawed Solidarity trade union—as a fruit of *perestroika*, the beginning of Gorbachevian reform in Eastern Europe.

Students should not accept uncritically, however, the thesis that the unfolding Polish drama is a manifestation of a new, more constructive policy approach fashioned in Moscow and increasingly practiced throughout the Soviet empire. While it is true that the Jaruzelski regime's dealings with Walesa have, to date, rather nicely fit a pattern promulgated by Gorbachev, there is reason to believe that this policy is less constructive than it appears.

The pattern is roughly as follows. After obstinately refusing to accept some point of principle, the regime in question suddenly and unceremoniously changes course. Often with little forewarning, it adopts a more flexible position, acceding to previously rejected demands by its interlocutors.

In reality, however, these Communist regimes have, more often than not, simply accommodated themselves to the need to *appear* forthcoming. Usually, this amounts to a tactical stance that adopts in the ab-



"Bad news, comrade. Murdoch just bought us out."

stract the position of its adversaries but preserves in practice most of what the regime desires.

In the case of Poland, for the price of sitting down with Walesa in his capacity as leader of Solidarity (no agreement to legalize Solidarity, no understanding about its role in Polish society, etc.), Jaruzelski has co-opted the Hero of Gdansk. Indeed, Walesa has been transformed into a prime mover behind the government's efforts to halt the wildcat strikes. As the Soviets like to say, this is no accident.

Just at the United States developed equity in the INF talks when the Soviets agreed in principle to ban all such missiles, and in the Afghan settlement when the Soviets agreed in principle to withdraw, Walesa is now personally committed to the success of his talks with the government. Even when (as in the case of both INF and Afghanistan) the negotiations result in less-than-satisfactory arrangements, withdrawal from the process by non-Communist participants proves extremely difficult.

It is too early to assess the extent of Walesa's co-option. But as far as his adversaries are concerned, the goals remain unchanged—only the tactics are adjusted to exploit the innocent.

Vote Your Vice

DAN RATHER jumped on Senator Orrin Hatch of Utah the other night for calling the Democrats "the party of homosexuals." Hatch's point was not that all Democrats are homosexuals, but that the Democrats have made a concerted appeal to the organized homosexual vote. Rather may or may not know that this is what the Democrats have been doing; anyone who relied on his coverage of the campaign probably wouldn't know it. Dukakis, Jackson, Gore, and Simon all made pitches for the gay vote, and the Democratic platform mentions "sexual orientation" as one of its protected categories. The homosexual activists are solidly behind Dukakis, as it were, though they have been urged to be demure about it.

"They're the party of homosexuals, the party of abortion," Hatch said in part, and he was correct. The Democrats are now committed to treating as "rights" what the West has traditionally regarded as deviations. This marks a departure in modern politics.

A few years ago, if you were homosexual, you had a personal problem. On election day you set it aside and voted for the candidate who seemed likeliest to govern well on general principles.

Today the Democrats have subtly gotten out the word that being homosexual is a reason to vote Democratic. Ditto if you want abortion to be easily available. Special-interest politics has advanced from voting your pocketbook to voting your vice, and there is no obvious reason why the logic shouldn't extend to other forms of behavior currently proscribed

by law. In fact, a group of prisoners serving life sentences has already endorsed Dukakis's furlough program. Today's crime may be tomorrow's "issue." And who knows? Maybe, in time, another "right."

Pollution & Politics

THE SUMMER of 1988 may well have marked a turning point in political consciousness where the problem of pollution is concerned. The issue has been building for years, but this summer it crested.

To strike a personal note, *NR* senior editor Jeffrey Hart spent the last two weeks of August, as is his custom, on the New Jersey shore. The water was crystal clear, the bacteria count the lowest within living memory. But a couple of dirty weeks in July had devastated the regional economy, with some 40 per cent of the tourists who would otherwise have gone there deciding to make other plans.

On an arc stretching from Montauk Point on Long Island to Cape May on the southern tip of New Jersey, the extent of the economic damage is incalculable. It affects not only beaches, hotels, and restaurants, some of which will not open next year, but filling stations, grocery stores, newsstands, and laundries. In the arc between Montauk Point and Cape May the lives and fortunes of millions of people are affected by pollution, and the same thing is happening in other parts of the country and the world.

Beyond economics, there is also the matter of what Wordsworth called natural piety. This is not quantifiable. The dolphins are no longer seen off the shores of Long Island and New Jersey, and the bluefish are leaving, too.

George Bush made a triumphant appearance over the Labor Day weekend in the New Jersey shore town of Belmar. Speaking as a sailor and a "salt-water fisherman," he said he had always been an "environmentalist." He promised action. Bush's news bite that evening may have carried New Jersey for him. (Dukakis is bored by the pollution of Boston Harbor and wanted to dump Massachusetts garbage in New Jersey waters.)

The environment is no longer a cult issue for Sierra Club types. It has enormous political and philosophical aspects, and Bush seems to be out in front on it.

Banana Democracy

WE LAUGH at Mexico for the PRI's hammerlock on its supposedly democratic election process, but what can we say about the U.S. House of Representatives? The House has been controlled by the Democratic Party for 33 years. In that time, the Republicans have held the White House for 21 years, and the Senate for six. And guess what: they're not

going to win the House next time either. Of the 435 members of the House, all but about 25 are running for re-election; and in 1986, the incumbents' success rate was 98 per cent.

There are a number of reasons for this. Liberals are fond of saying that voters profess conservative beliefs, but want liberal benefits. (Liberals mean this as a compliment to the electorate's mother-wit, though it could as easily be seen as a tribute to cupidity.) Another reason for the Democratic Party's dominance may be that House races are low-visibility: demagogues, blowhards, and outright criminals evade detection more easily in the Fifth District than in the New Hampshire primary.

But the main reason is the gerrymander. Democratic state legislatures have carved the states up into districts that look like the pieces in an experts-only jigsaw puzzle, so that when Republican candidates win over 50 per cent of all votes cast in House races, as they did in 1984, the House still comes in with a Democratic majority of seventy-odd seats.

That situation suggests a course of action: heavy Republican targeting of state legislative contests, this year and in 1990. The 1990 census is likely to tilt the nation's demographics yet more sharply in the Sunbelt's direction—in the direction, that is, of what is the natural Republican heartland. The GOP must do everything it can now to ensure that it gets its just deserts in the Nineties.

GUEST EDITORIAL

To Reopen the American Mind

Excerpted from the Wall Street Journal, July 8, 1988

POPULAR WISDOM has it that Lenin said, "The capitalists will sell us the rope with which we will hang them." Yet, I doubt even Lenin himself dared to dream that American business would donate the funds to finance the destruction of freedom here at home.

But we are doing so. The American business community all too often goes AWOL in the struggle to defend freedom where it is under siege every day—not just in Congress, but in the academic institutions of this country.

How ironic that academic America could be transformed into a great bastion of intellectual rigidity and reaction, and that this reaction could be rooted not on the Right, but the Left, as encrusted elites become more belligerent—at times, hysterical—in their determination to dominate the ivory towers of our leading colleges and universities. . . .

Recent events at two of America's most prestigious schools illustrate that the assault on freedom may not

Pleasurable Sensations

There's a poll in California
That I don't yet dare believe,
And two done in Massachusetts
Which, like Adam eyeing Eve,
Have me fighting excitation,
Since discretion cautions, *Wait*,
Lest egg mar my flawless features
As I start to ululate.

W. H. VON DREELE

only be condoned by, but even directed by, those at the top.

For many years, Stanford University has waged war on the quasi-independent Hoover Institution on War, Revolution, and Peace, finding its scholarly balance out of place at a school now dedicated to a narrow creed of collectivism and pacifism.

In its latest volley, Stanford voted to forcibly retire Hoover's highly successful but independent director, W. Glenn Campbell, presumably to find a replacement more amenable to Stanford's diktats.

Stanford's pattern of scholastic bias and academic double standards is, by now, well established. In 1983, the school expelled a scholar from the PhD program for documenting the Chinese policy of massive, coerced abortions. Earlier this year, it removed several books from its core Western-civilization reading list because of the sex or race of their authors.

And, while Stanford's president, Donald Kennedy, campaigned openly in 1986 for Rose Bird, the leftist chief justice of the California Supreme Court who was later voted off the bench, Hoover fellows who contribute research and writing to the public debate are termed unduly "political."

Dartmouth College, not to be outdone, recently took aim at one of the most sprightly, provocative college newspapers in the country, the *Dartmouth Review* [suspending] several of its editors when the paper reported on a music professor's classroom behavior. . . . [See "Liberalism versus Free Speech," by Wilcomb E. Washburn, p. 39.]

Stanford and Dartmouth are not alone. In scenes reminiscent of the Sixties, colleges are, once again, becoming a battleground—and an uneven one at that—with radicals trampling the right of free expression and bullying those who do not share their zealotry to place ideology over the pursuit of truth. . . .

I have always believed, but never more than now, that we in the American business community have a right and a responsibility to steer our gifts to institutions committed to maintaining freedom.

This is not to suggest that business people, any more than government or anyone else, have a right to

RIGHT DATA

Michael Dukakis and the 'Privileged Few'

THE RICH HAVE gotten richer, the poor have gotten poorer, and those in the middle—and that means most of us—have gotten squeezed.” In his Labor Day speech, Michael Dukakis pledged to end a Republican era he said has benefited only “the privileged few.”

Census Bureau data for 1987, released at the end of August, tell a very different story. Although the *share* of total pre-tax income going to the poorest 20 per cent of families was less in 1987 than in 1980 (falling from 5.1 per cent to 4.6 per cent), the *amount* of income garnered by this group rose 48.6 per cent over this period. Since the start of the economic recovery, the aggregate income of this group has risen more than twice as much as inflation—38.5 per cent more income, versus 17.7 per cent higher prices.

If the middle class is being “squeezed,” it is an upward rather than a downward squeeze. Median family income in 1987 was \$30,853, compared to only \$21,023 in 1980. In real terms, this figure has increased 5.3 per cent over just the past two years.

Real family income changed little between 1973 and 1978, but there was a precipitous decline from the second year of the Carter Administration until the economic expansion began in late 1982. The improvement in 1987 means that U.S. family income has risen 11.8 per cent since 1982, the sharpest and most sustained improvement in twenty years.

Nor is there any evidence that the relative position of the middle class is deteriorating—which, if it were,

would be quite worrisome, since a stable middle class is a prerequisite for economic stability. In fact, the middle three-fifths of the population received 51.8 per cent of total national income last year, a proportion that has been virtually unchanged since the Census Bureau began collecting such statistics in 1947.

If anything, these numbers err on the side of the Democrats. The use of family-income data, for example, masks the effects of declining family size, as well as gains made by unmarried people. Thus, while real mean family income is reported to have increased 10.6 per cent since 1980, real per-capita income rose 14.4 per cent over the same period.

Similarly, focusing on pre-tax rather than after-tax income skews the data. The after-tax purchasing power of the poorest 20 per cent of families has increased more than the rise in their pre-tax incomes would indicate, because of the tax reductions since 1981.

Poverty is still a problem, but not nearly so pervasive a problem as the official numbers suggest. The poverty rate was officially 13.5 per cent last year, down 11.7 per cent from 1983. But failure to count the \$146 billion of in-kind benefits distributed by the Federal Government last year means that as many as 12.1 million Americans are erroneously identified as poor. Most dramatically affected by this calculation are the elderly poor, whose poverty rate plummets from 12.2 per cent to a mere 2.1 per cent when these benefits are taken into account. —ED RUBENSTEIN

dictate what our universities teach. But we most certainly do have a right to defend freedom when the Left, under the sheltering arm of tenure, is so clearly tilting many schools toward Marxist teachings, even as their model is retreating across the world in intellectual, political, and economic disarray. . . .

Alumni can work positively and constructively for their ideas and ideals. We can take the time to identify, reach out to, and support scholars and intellectuals who are committed to freedom, men and women who understand the nexus between economic freedom and political freedom, the link between capitalism and democracy, and who also know the intellectual job that needs to be done.

Today, publications like the *Dartmouth Review* dot dozens of campuses. One gift of \$100,000 would more than triple most of their budgets.

Rather than blindly tossing \$1 million into a general fund, concerned alumni can work to create a nesting place in their schools for brilliant scholars whose re-

search and teaching would otherwise be rejected by academic chic.

There is a choice and we need to choose wisely, because too many on the Left are forsaking the age-old and honorable pledge attributed to Voltaire: I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it.

Unless we wake up, America may well learn the hard truth of Thomas Jefferson's warning: “If a nation expects to be ignorant and free, in a state of civilization, it expects what never was and never will be.”

—WILLIAM E. SIMON

Shome Mishtake Shurely

ENCOUNTER, the Anglo-American journal of culture and politics, has moved from “moderate” left to “moderate” right in the last decade. And so, if one can judge by a recent poll, have its readers. Fifty-five

per cent of them, for example, take a skeptical view of Mr. Gorbachev's *glasnost* and *perestroika*, claiming that Western attitudes to these have been "too adulatory."

It is disappointing, therefore, that their attitudes to Ronald Reagan's Presidency remain so niggardly. Only 10 per cent thought he would have a long-term effect on his country's well-being, compared to 62 per cent who said the same for Mrs. Thatcher and 31 per cent for Gorbachev. We can see three possible explanations. The first is that *Encounter's* readers are right, and that, like our own Joe Sobran, they see the Reagan years as a pleasant conservative interregnum between two long drifts to liberalism. The second explanation might be snobbery: Europeans continue to neglect the President's real achievements because of their fixation on his "trigger-happy cowboy" image. And the third is that these opinions should be read in the light of the poll's further finding that 73 per cent of *Encounter's* readers drink wine, 64 per cent Scotch, 53 per cent sherry, and 49 per cent gin—adding up to an impressive 239 per cent.

Weicker Watch

THE CAMPAIGN begun in Connecticut to retire Senator Lowell Weicker (see *NR*, Sept. 2, p. 24) shows signs of becoming a national movement. The bumper sticker advertised in that issue—DOES LOWELL WEICKER MAKE YOU SICK?—has been heavily purchased (\$2 per sticker), and, remarkably, two-thirds of the purchasers are from out of state. It turns out that in Oklahoma and Hawaii they are also eager to see Mr. Weicker out of the Senate.

Connecticut State Senator Mike Morano reports, "I ran [Weicker's] first Senate race 12 years ago and ask God's forgiveness every night." (There is tension in Heaven over whether sometimes too much is being asked of the Lord . . .) Rosalie Gordon from Trumbull writes, "I'll gag at voting for Lieberman, but that's far better than the regurgitation I suffer every time Weicker opens his mouth." Dave Turissini from Redding writes, "After 17 years of voting Republican, I now relish the thought of pulling the lever for a Democratic candidate."

Meanwhile, Senator Weicker keeps his inventory of civilized commentary well stocked. Asked his opinion of the 1988 GOP platform: "I think the platform sucks." And this vignette, from the Waterbury *Sunday Republican*: "Senator Lowell P. Weicker, who rarely receives attention unless he's calling it to himself, took advantage of a trip aboard Air Force One to call Attorney General Edwin Meese a 'son of a bitch' . . .

" . . . Later he was asked to repeat his assessment of the attorney general on camera. After being pressed on the issue by ABC news correspondent Sam Donaldson, the GOP bad boy thrust out his hand out of

view of the cameras and raised his middle finger in the reporters' faces.

"You know things have changed when a member of the Senate adopts the communication skills indigenous to a junior-high-school playground to get a message across.

" . . . the no-class gesture to reporters demeans not only the U.S. Senate, but also the state of Connecticut and its residents."

Meanwhile, Attorney General Joe Lieberman on the campaign trail stresses that unlike Weicker, he approved military action against Grenada and Libya, and the naval role in the Persian Gulf. And yes, he approves of a moment of silence for children in public schools. But not necessarily for prayer.

The next bumper sticker distributed by NATIONAL REVIEW, in cooperation with Buckpac, will be: DON'T ABORT YOUR CHILD (HE MIGHT GROW UP TO VOTE AGAINST WEICKER). Two bucks, to Department Bumper Sticker, 150 E. 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

NOTES & ASIDES

□ Dear Mr. Buckley:

What is the real answer to Ted's question "Where was George?"

- Not in Chappaquiddick
- Not drunk breaking portraits in classy restaurants
- Not selling 65-per-cent-royalty biographies to truckdrivers
- Not aboard the *Monkey Business*
- Not helping the Sandinistas
- Not hiring Jesse's political semaphore
- Not in Texas saving multibillion-dollar banks
- Not in the same boat with Jesse and Farrakhan

Truly,
L. Rodrigo
Isla Verde, P.R.

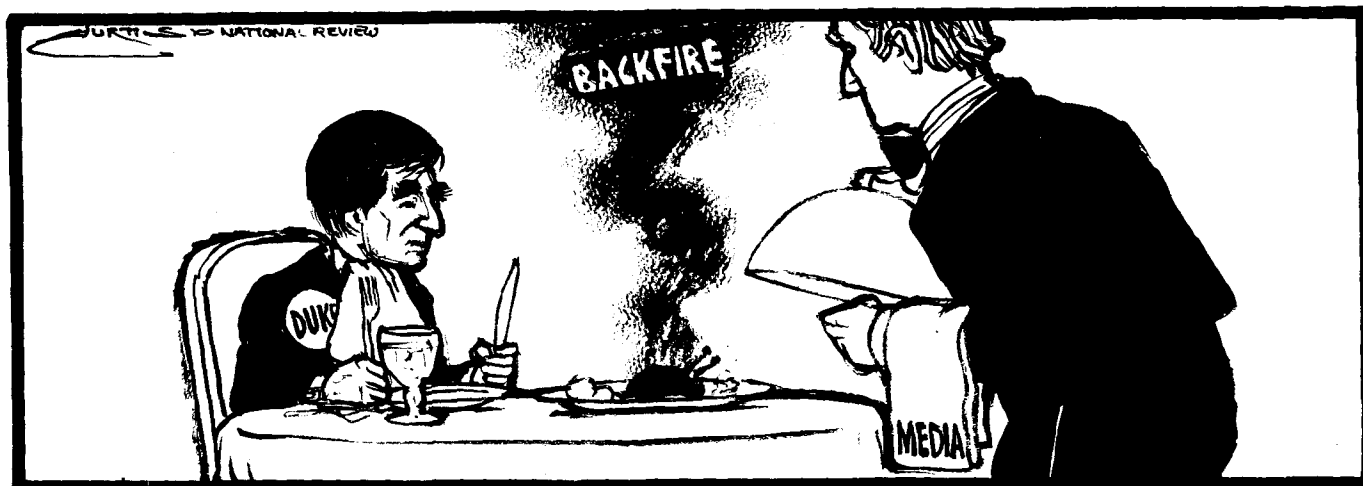
Dear Mr. Rodrigo: What is the answer? Quailing in his boots? Cordially,
WFB

□ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I read that you are planning a party. I don't know much about parties—my Senior Prom was not that great! But my Mom tells me sometimes people planning parties need to make things come out right by filling a certain number of chairs with interesting people. Sometimes, she says, this can be a problem.

Well, that's where I could help you on your planned Concorde trip. After you have selected your best friends plus other interesting guests, who will you get to fill that last chair?

I am 21 years old, a conservative Texas Presbyterian just out of college with my FAA Commercial,



"You overdid the Quayle!"

Instrument, and Multi-Engine pilot ratings. Unfortunately, I only have a little under four hundred flying hours, and since there is no war to go to (Mom says "Thank the Lord"), those additional hours come hard.

In the meantime, while waiting to be discovered as a pilot, I work as a bowling mechanic at Don Carter's Lane in Dallas to save money and fly weekends with the American dream of someday owning my own plane.

Anyway, if someone should drop out at the last minute, or if you just want me to help with the passengers, or if in any way I could earn an invitation, let me know. I could manage to get to your take-off point. Any old seat would do, even the jump seat behind the pilots out of everyone's way.

Sincerely,
Robert L. Natho
Dallas, Tex.

Dear Mr. Natho: Thanks for your fun letter. You should know that I have *zero* to do with the Concorde trip except as a paid lecturer, proceeds to NATIONAL REVIEW. If the seats were mine to give away, I'd gladly give you *and* Don Carter a seat. Cordially,

WFB

□ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your June 24 issue reports on page 18 that political polls are primarily believed by Horses' Asses: 76 per cent.

But, just what is a "horse's ass"?

My Random House says a horse's ass is a fool. It says further that a fool is a simpleton, dolt, dunce, blockhead, numskull, ignoramus, dunderhead, ninny, nincompoop, booby, saphead, clown, buffoon, etc.

A select group of my contemporaries concedes that we may all, from time to time, on one or another occasion, exhibit tendencies which may deserve such a temporary appellation. But, underneath it all, we are warm, lovable human beings.

We have formed a loosely knit charter group of

which I am the president. We have no particular agenda, but whenever we read or hear the phrase "horse's ass" our eyebrows go up and we smile knowingly . . .

Sincerely,
George F. Cramer Jr.
Pelham Horse's Ass Association
Pelham, Mass.

□ Dear Mr. Buckley,

It's probably just interference with my local PBS signal, but its persistence is annoying. Of late, at the start of *Firing Line*, I've noticed that rather than your image, my set receives the image of Michael Kinsley. Then, after half an hour, you are again obscured by Kinsley, after which *Firing Line* fades out altogether. In spite of frantic engineering with my rabbit ears, I seem unable to tune in the second half-hour. Please advise.

While I suggested to a friend that Kinsley appear on a new show—*Firing Squad*—where he would await the will and pleasure of guest panelists from the SAVAK and Tontons Macoute, it was suggested to me that PBS would be slow to embrace the concept.

Sincerely,
David Story Allen
Canton, Mass.

Dear Mr. Allen: Very funny. And nice that Michael Kinsley would appreciate it as much as I do. . . . Yes, the program is, effective July 1, half an hour instead of the full hour, a reflection of the nervous metabolism of program managers who, obeying national habits, frown on one-hour talk shows. The producer's idea was to initiate the half-hour with a provocative introduction (who better than Kinsley?) and finish it with a commentary by me, replying to a provocative question (who better than Kinsley?). If you persevere for a few months, I'll bring Kinsley over to Canton and we will give you the extra half-hour ex temp. Okay? Cordially,

—WFB

DAN QUAYLE, POLITICIAN

TAKE A LOOK at the last young President of the United States, John Fitzgerald Kennedy. JFK took office at the age of 43; Dan Quayle is now 41. But Quayle has more in common with JFK than being a youthful presence on his party's national ticket; indeed the similarities are substantial, excepting of course Kennedy's heroic status as commander of PT-109 during World War II, versus Quayle's unexceptional service in a public-affairs unit of the Indiana National Guard during Vietnam.

Both were scions of wealthy families, men who grew up never having to worry about money, prestige, or social influence. Both were greatly assisted in running for the Congress by their families. Kennedy ran from a safely Democratic state, where machine control was the order of the day. Quayle ran from a safely Republican state, where the party is still machine-controlled. Kennedy served three terms in the House without much distinction. Quayle served two terms in the House, similarly without distinction. Like Kennedy, Quayle has served eight years in the Senate, but it is here that the records diverge.

As senator, Kennedy had only one major legislative accomplishment, his sponsorship, with Senator Irving Ives, of the 1958 Kennedy-Ives labor-reform bill. The bill hit tough sledding and was never enacted.

Dan Quayle has been much more effective. His assignments on the Labor and Human Resources Committee (and its subcommittee, Employment and Productivity, which he has chaired) and on the Senate Armed Services Committee give him perspective on both domestic and foreign policy. Quayle wrote several defense-procurement-reform measures, one of which recommended a Pentagon czar to oversee defense purchasing, a measure later supported by President Reagan's blue-ribbon procurement-reform panel—

the Packard commission—and now a reality. Interestingly, Quayle frequently allied himself with Carl Levin, the liberal Democratic senator from Michigan, in trying to eliminate waste and fraud at the Pentagon.

Along with Ted Kennedy, Quayle co-sponsored the 1982 Job Training and Partnership Act (JTPA), which passed not only the Senate but also the House, and which is now law. JTPA replaced the failed make-work Comprehensive Employment and Training Act (CETA) program in providing work skills to the hard-to-employ.

Quayle was JTPA's prime mover. As he had with Levin, Quayle worked with Kennedy to develop the measure, introduce it, and manage the entire process in collaboration with Reagan's Department of Labor. "He brought them all along—Metzenbaum, Simon, Hatch, Humphrey," says a Hill insider. "Quayle's the only one on that committee who could reach across lines. Hatch has a hard time doing it—I mean, playing honest broker. Likewise Humphrey." Of Quayle's politics, this source adds: "Despite his press image, he's rational, and fairly moderate. No one who's seen Dan Quayle in action classifies him as a hard-core conservative ideologue." In 1982, Quayle was the first senator to introduce a comprehensive tax-reform plan, beating to the punch New Jersey Senator Bill Bradley. On environmental issues like soil conservation, the Clean Water Act (he voted to override Reagan's veto), and expansion of wilderness lands, Quayle has been in the vanguard.

In the child-care debate, Representative Tom Tauke (R., Iowa) crafted a consensus conservative alternative to the bill of Senator Chris Dodd (D., Conn.), trying to head off Dodd's massive federal day-care bureaucracy. By no means a pioneer in child care himself, Quayle had the good sense to sponsor the Tauke measure in the Senate. On the basis of this bill, plus

the Labor Department's valuable task-force study (commissioned by the able and prescient Secretary of Labor, Ann McLaughlin), George Bush fashioned a compromise proposal to meet the child-care needs of families where the mothers stay at home, as well as those of families where the mothers work.

Another legislative activity that gives insight into Quayle is his work as ranking Republican on the labor subcommittee dealing with pensions—that dry-as-dust, extremely complex work-force subject that is both critically important and intolerably boring. Quayle, for example, introduced the Pension Portability Law. "It's not an issue for lightweights," says a ranking Labor Department bureaucrat (not the Secretary). "Quayle is seen as articulate, hard-working, and capable of dealing with very complicated legislative fine print." This month's *Pension and Investment Age* credits Quayle with an active role in the pension arena, notably in the production of the important 1987 Pension Protection Act.

WHAT HIS 12 years on Capitol Hill tell us about Quayle is that, perhaps more than anything else, he is a deal-cutter. Skilled and pragmatic, Quayle is not unlike Dole in this respect, though he is not quite as smart as Dole. Quayle's father is right when he says, "Dan's quite a salesman." In the Hill context, "negotiator" might be a better word, or "consensus-builder"—which, come to think of it, would put him beyond Dole.

So, what we see in the 41-year-old junior senator from Indiana, it may be said, is a natural politician—not fully seasoned, to be sure, but well on the way. With these strengths, odds are that over the next two months he will develop his own following, becoming a real asset to George Bush. Time is on Quayle's side. □

ONE SIZE FITS ALL

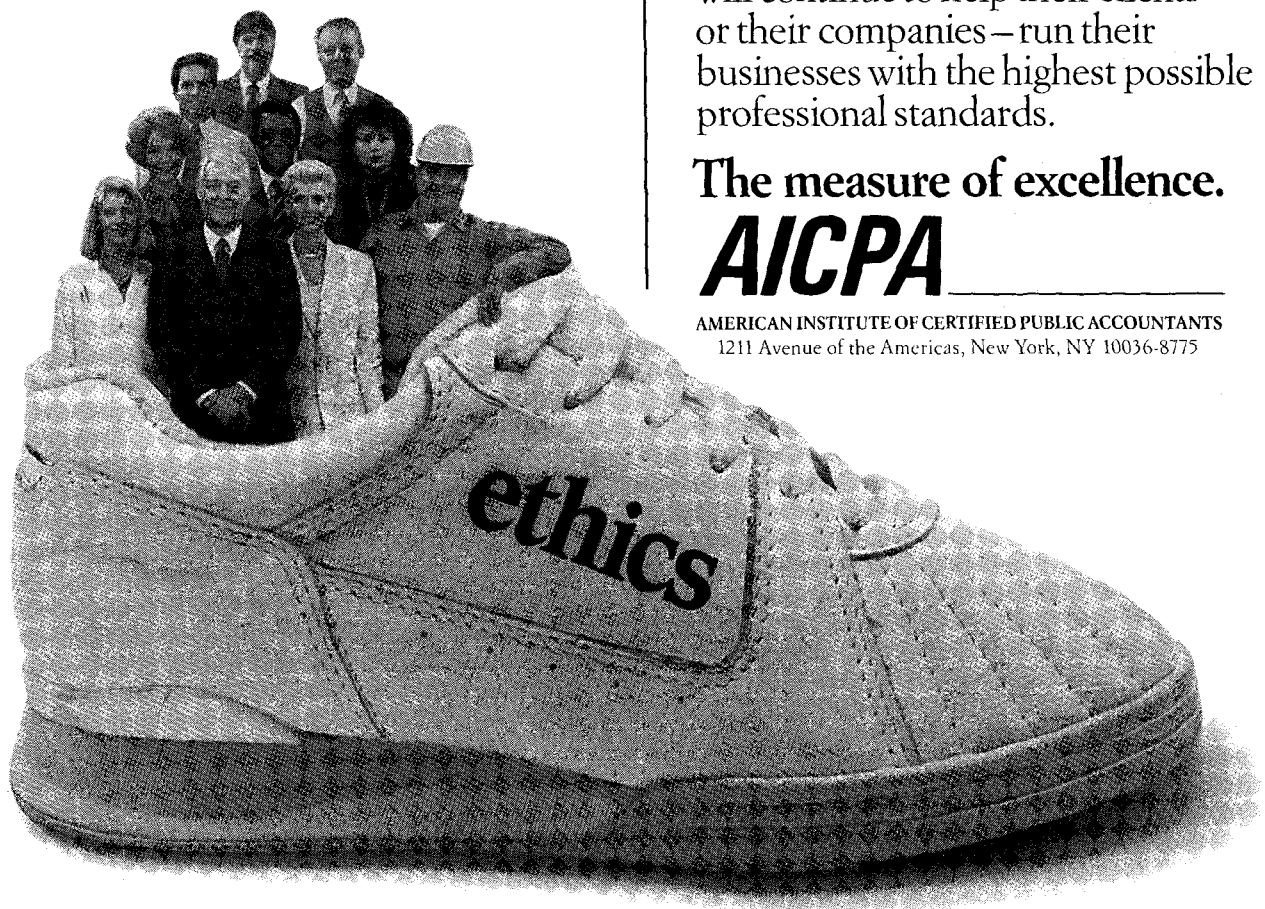
In the race to win, we look to our own unique strategies to bring us first across the finish line.

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BURMA'S PERILOUS ANARCHY

THE BREAKDOWN of government in Burma is the deferred product of the battle between the twin forces that fought for supremacy in all of the Western colonies in Southeast Asia after World War II. Those forces were: Communism and nationalism. (The one exception was Thailand, which had not been colonized.)

Unlike so many military dictators, General Ne Win was not a product of Western military training. In common with the revered Aung San (murdered in 1947), Ne Win was trained in Japan and led a Tokyo-backed group of guerrillas, who hoped to wrest independence from the retreating British. They did, in January 1948—earlier than their counterparts elsewhere, although the U.S. had emancipated the Philippines two years before.

By that time, Stalin, through his henchman Andrei Zhdanov, had decided to launch Communist insurrections throughout the area. Thus, no sooner had the Burmese achieved independence than their sovereignty was threatened by two rival Communist bands: the Red Flags (Trotskyist) and the Moscow-line White Flags. Many of the ethnic groups also rebelled, among them the Kachins and Karens.

The civilian government of U Nu was incapable of dealing with this rebellious mess, and, in 1958, Ne Win took over for the first time. Remarkably, having restored a degree of order, he handed power back to the civilians in 1960. Seeing the mess worsen, however, he lost all patience with the politicians and took over for the second time in 1962. Thus it remained until two months ago, when he told an extraordinary Congress of his Burma Socialist Program Party, in a no less extraordinary speech, that he had had enough and was stepping down.

He also said that there would be a referendum to determine whether the people of Burma wished to have a multi-party or single-party system. The

rest is current headline news: a short-lived interregnum presided over by the deeply unpopular General Sein Lwin; widespread riots, brutally suppressed; a “nonentity” civilian government under Maung Maung (a long-time protégé of Ne Win’s).

It does look, for better or worse, as though Burma is now in for a period of “democracy,” and various contenders are staking their claims, among them Suu Kyi, daughter of the murdered Aung San, and U Nu, now 81, nursing the grievance of having been ousted by Ne Win in the first place.

The only justification for military takeovers is the restoration of order and good administration in politics governed corruptly and inefficiently by civilians. I do think such takeovers may be justified. Since I find, whenever I say this, that my enemies accuse me of being a Fascist (or even a closet Nazi), I would like to emphasize that my abhorrence of Fascist regimes exactly matches my abhorrence of Communist ones: both are totalitarian tyrannies, not opposites but different sides of the same coin. Military dictators try to abolish politics; totalitarian ones, to force everybody into the same political mold.

The problem lies in the acquired taste for power. Once installed, military strongmen find it awfully hard to step down—although Ne Win did try it once. During his first spell of power, he did a lot of cleaning up. During his prolonged second spell, he made an infinitely worse mess of a potentially rich country than the civilians he had overthrown.

The reasons for the mess are by no means remote from the concerns of this column. Aung San had called himself a Marxist. Ne Win introduced his own brand of socialism, which the British professor Hugh Tinker aptly described as “shared scarcity.” I don’t think I am maligning Professor Tinker when I say that he rather approved of

this approach. In his eyes, since Burma was a land of scarcity, there was something noble about sharing it equally.

This, however, was to miss the wonderful opportunity Burma had: a land bountifully endowed by nature, rich in rice, teak, and minerals. Ne Win set forth his ideas in a manifesto, *The Burmese Way to Socialism*, which proclaimed what in fact were two mutually antithetical principles: a commitment to Marxism and the promise of “a new society for all, economically secure and morally better.” It was the commitment to Marxism that won.

It took Ne Win about 12 years to complete the ruination of his country, which had begun under the inefficient politicians he had ousted. By 1974, the average family income of \$450 a year was one of the world’s lowest. Burma had absorbed hundreds of millions of dollars in foreign aid, with nothing to show for it. Instead of Burma’s exporting three million tons of rice, as in the bad old colonial days, the silos were empty and food riots not uncommon. For “shared scarcity,” substitute the “cult of scarcity.” First U Nu, then Ne Win, demonstrated how to ruin a country through socialism.

IT REMAINS to be seen whether the new leaders, whoever they turn out to be, can read and have eyes to see what has happened not only in Japan, but in South Korea, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Singapore, and (increasingly) Thailand. The triumph of market economies and private enterprise is perhaps even more striking in East Asia than in Western Europe and North America.

In all this, Communism has nothing to offer. In the 1960s, Maoists ousted the pro-Moscow leadership of the Burmese Communist Party. In post-Mao China, socialism is on the wane. I wish Burma well, on the non-socialist path of the beckoning future. □

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THE POLITICS OF DECLINE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Bush and Dukakis may be chipper for the cameras, but at the policy level they are both buying into the politics of decline. And what comes next, fellow victims, is that most irresistible of forces, a consensus.

The evidence of decline, in the Paul Kennedy sense, is all about us, and I don't mean to trivialize it. The U.S. share of gross world product is down by almost 50 per cent since the war, and that's worrisome. Our net international borrowing as a percentage of GNP has gone straight up during the Eighties, and that isn't good. And our educational system has been misdirected and much abused, and that is a disaster—for individuals, for communities, and for the nation as a whole. Yes, we *do* have a case of imperial overstretch, and the new Administration will be obliged to Sanforize our military commitments or find deep cuts in non-defense spending.

That much we know, and from that knowledge we are invited to extrapolate a grim, irreversible decline. Both Bush and Dukakis seem inclined to do so, alas, if staff memoranda can be trusted. (Both sides are refining first-hundred-days programs to confront the budget deficit. Bush has been urged to work "all three fronts": defense, entitlements, and revenue. But with defense slipping to 6 per cent of GNP and entitlements probably off-limits to a mandateless new President, the options may reduce to—shhhh!—revenue, with Bush fiddling with a consumption tax, Dukakis with higher income-tax rates.) In sifting through the abundant evidence of decline, though, what I find most remarkable is how much of the problem can be reversed or ameliorated. For instance:

—Over the past 25 years, real Social Security benefits have increased steadily, while real earnings for workers have been flat to down. This policy, which at the margin rewards the

unproductive, is damaging in the short term and potentially suicidal in the long term. But it wasn't imposed on us by Japanese occupation forces. We adopted it, and we are entitled to have second thoughts.

—While our foreign competitors have been improving manufacturing capability and product quality, we have turned our best and brightest MBAs to the black arts of financial manipulation. The *Harvard Business Review* has published a study of large-company portfolio strategies, going back to 1950, that gives us a pretty good idea of the results. We all know how risky start-ups can be, and, sure enough, the study shows that 40.9 per cent of start-ups—even by big, sophisticated firms—don't pan out. What's more surprising is the fact that start-ups seem to be marginally safer than joint ventures (a business form designed, in many cases, to lower investment risk): 48.9 per cent of joint ventures were eventually dissolved. The exclamation point, however, can be found in the figure for "acquisitions in unrelated fields": 74.4 per cent of these were subsequently divested. So much for diversification. Furthermore, we are not talking about small numbers: during the period under study large U.S. companies recorded twice as many unrelated acquisitions as start-ups. In a word, the people who run our large corporations have more often than not been wrong, and, again, a remedy suggests itself.

—Finally, take a look at our tax code in comparison with Japan's. We seem startled by Japan's high savings rate, but most earned interest in Japan is untaxed; we are impressed with Japan's low cost of capital, but most capital gains in Japan go untaxed; and we are shocked to learn that those cash-rich Japanese pack themselves into small, crowded homes. But who says A must say B. We tax interest, dividends, and capital gains at

the same rate as wages, and—what do you know?—we generate low savings, high capital costs, and a consumerist incentive to ignore the long term. On the other hand, we have lots of big, capital-sponging houses paid for by the world's leading mortgage deduction. (If a society opts to spend its treasure on large homes for its citizens rather than on plant and equipment to preserve its competitive position, one might argue either side of the point. But can *anybody* come up with a good reason why mortgages on second homes should be deductible?) Here again, the tide is not irreversible. A free economy will usually follow where its tax policy leads.

YOU WOULD THINK that our competitors would be giving history a nudge at this point in the spiral of decline. But no, we seem to be getting a second chance whether we deserve it or not. The Germans, along with the French and the Brits, are plunging into the Continental 1992 market, just as the AT&Ts, IBMs, and Fords are figuring out how to pare down, rationalize their lines of business, and "flatten the pyramid" by bringing the decision-makers closer to the product, closer to the customer. Advantage United States. And the Japanese are spilling money all over weird deals in real estate, services, manufacturing, you name it, as they climb the greasy learning curve.

What does it add up to? Well, we're doing it the new-fangled American way—on credit. Other people are buying some time for us. Which allows us to reflect on the fact that with 5 per cent of the world's population, we are producing 25 per cent of the world's product. And on the further fact that, in a democratic society, gloom and doom will never add up to good politics . . . or good government. □

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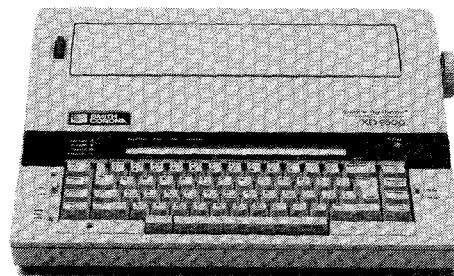
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*Hollywood's liberal glamor is all on the surface.
Sharks circle everywhere,
and conservatives are short on lifeboats.
How do they survive?*

More Kafka than Capra

DAVID BROOKS

IN A SUNLIT hotel room in Studio City you settle onto the couch and put your tape recorder on the glass table, as one of the pretty, young publicity agents touches you softly on the shoulder and asks if you'd like a drink. The star makes her entrance a few minutes late, and her supplicants settle around the bar (as in Washington, important people in Hollywood enter rooms surrounded by minions who are young, solicitous, and fungible). The studio allows 45 minutes for the interview, so you launch into the ingratiating flattery that is the basis of every movie journalist's interviewing style:

"You were so brilliant in this film, and so beautiful. How was it working with a director as visionary as Mr. Schmaltz?"

"It was really a growth experience. He really let me develop my character and contribute my ideas. I did a lot of the directing myself. He was very open, and that's very exciting for any artist."

"You related so wonderfully to your co-star, even though it was a chainsaw. Was that difficult?"

"It was really loving. Brian, who did the treatment, explored the script with me, and helped me see how we could use the script to say something important about intimacy. I feel that we really did accomplish this, especially in the dream decapitation sequence."

"You've always made very socially conscious movies. Is that something that is important to you?"

"Yes, I try to do movies about the human condition. I try to say something about friendship in my films, and about love and life. That's what I like about this film. It is about people."

"What is your next project?"

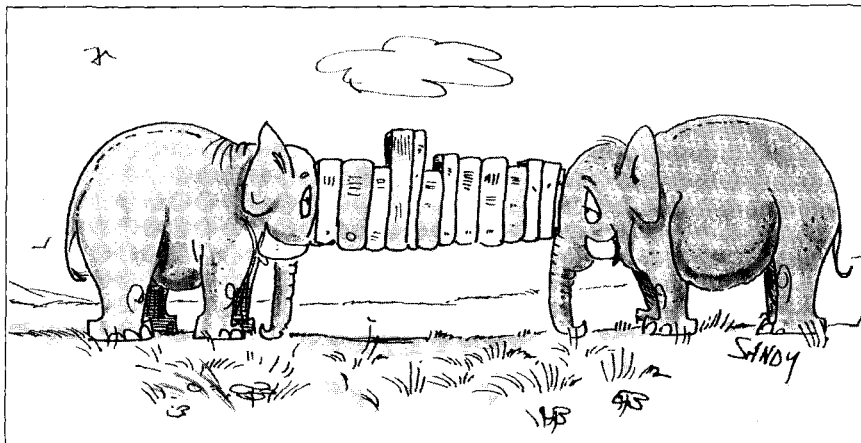
"I'm very excited about it. It is about a bookish sorority sister from Fort Lauderdale who has leukemia and wants to travel to South

Africa to play in a rock band with Nelson Mandela's teenage son, but her father, who owns stock in companies that make nuclear weapons, won't let her, so she has to enter an erotic-dance contest to get the prize money for her trip. It's called 'Freedom Jiggle.' It's very political."

THESE PROMOTIONAL INTERVIEWS, the kind I conducted by the dozen as a movie critic, demand inanity on both sides. The image of Hollywood one gets from them, and from the advertising copy that is the product of Hollywood journalists, is that the film community is populated by dumb, good-looking, well-meaning dupes who savor cuddly emotions and sentimental attachments to leftist politics. The inhabitants appear to be overpaid, self-obsessed, and spoiled.

But that is an illusion. People in the movie business are not dumb, though most are inarticulate and uninterested in being articulate. They are not cuddly; they are manipulative. They are not sentimental; they are ambitious and tough. They are not dupes; they dupe others. One hears a lot about virtue and compassion in Hollywood, but people there are ruthless and often desperate. "Compassion is the biggest inside joke in Hollywood," says screenwriter Ben Stein. "When people in this town say somebody is compassionate they really mean he is a drunken slob."

Hollywood politics are not simply leftist politics turned monosyllabic. Hollywood politics are distinct. They can only be understood in reference to Hollywood business, and at the core of this business is insecurity: gut-wrenching fear, heaving up to the level of hysterical desperation.



Mr. Brooks, former film critic for the Washington Times, is book-review editor at the Wall Street Journal.

In the movie business, an actor loses his job every few months. "Actors are constantly unemployed," says Charlton Heston. "My first experiment in weekly television was canceled after a year and six months. People said to me, 'You must feel terrible.' I said, 'It's the longest job I've had since the Air Force in World War II.' Actors get fired all the time."

Nor is there any guarantee that when one job is over, another will come along. Worse, actors cannot even comprehend their own success or failure. There is simply no rational reason why one good-looking actor or competent director succeeds, while a thousand others fail. "Any working actor is a very lucky fellow," Heston continues. "We all belong to a profession at which you can make a living, and some of us make extraordinary livings, and there is really no discernible reason for that. At some level you think, 'Why me, God? How come not that guy I went to school with at Northwestern and he won the recitation contest and he's selling aluminum siding?'"

There is no way for actors, directors, or screenwriters to develop what an economist would call their utility. Friends may lose power, deals may fall through, tastes may change. Former Screen Actors Guild president William Schallert once famously said, "Making a living as an actor is like trying to cross a rapidly rushing river by stepping from one slowly sinking rock to another."

DECISIONS IN Hollywood are built on a swamp of subjectivity. "There is nothing rational about the decisions," says Tom Selleck. "It's merely gut instinct. It's a crapshoot." There is no way for a studio executive to have confidence in his decisions, or in the decision-making process. The only objective measure in the industry is box-office receipts; if those are bad then executives get fired. "The figure you hear around town," says former Naderite lawyer and current screenwriter Mark Litwak, "is that executives only hold onto their jobs on average 18 months." They spend that precious year and a half flinching before the axe, starving for reassurance.

Presumably people are drawn to the movie business by the glamor, fame, and money. But for those few who make it, power becomes the obsession. The old authority of the studios has been dissipated and now the dominant players—to the extent that any group dominates—are the big agents. They arrange the thousands of interchangeable pieces that occasionally come together to form a successful deal.

Movie people are in the business of selling themselves. They finagle, they schmooze, they whore, they draw blood. And yet their success is utterly dependent on whether they happen to fit into somebody else's project, so they have all the insecurity of entrepreneurs, but none of the independence.

There is a glut of talent, a paucity of demand, and the Hollywood market is in permanent disequilibrium. "The people start out nice," notes screenwriter Lloyd Billingsley. "Their behavior comes out of the viciousness of the business. It really demands obsessive focus." One of the colony's most successful producers, Don Simpson (*Beverly Hills Cop*), was especially candid in an interview with Mark Litwak, for his book *Reel Power*. "Any time I see someone come into this business who is smart and talented

and has all those things and likes to go to lunch and dinner and party, I know he has failed already. He hasn't got a prayer. Because someone like me is just going to run him over."

Conservatives in the film community are those who tend not to be plagued by the insecurities that are normal in a

C*onservatives are people who do not feel helpless about their place in the film colony, and do not identify their personal problems with large-scale social issues*

moviemaker's life. These are people who tend to be unusually self-reliant. They do not feel helpless about their place in the film colony, and they do not identify their personal problems with large-scale social issues. Hence they do not feel the general Hollywood compulsion to compensate for their own insecurities with collective action and public posturing. "Most conservatives I know aren't quite the joiners because their philosophy is individually oriented," says Tom Selleck. "I'm not very comfortable in groups. As far as picketing and demonstrating, it kind of goes against my grain. I have trouble when I hear about the common good on that scale. I think we're all too different."

Nor are these conservatives particularly insecure about the film community's place in the world. They see themselves at the helm of a medium that dwarfs all others in its ability to influence people and politics. As Charlton Heston told Laura Ingraham in a *Policy Review* interview: "The moving image is the most powerful tool or weapon to change and shape the way people feel about the world and themselves. The printed word is almost primitive—like hammer and stone—measured against film and television. Its influence doesn't compare."

Studio heads, who have more job security than other groups in the film community, tend to be quite conservative. Screenwriters, who are the least secure, are almost uniformly on the left side of the spectrum. Among actors, directors, producers, and so on, the community is about 70 to 85 per cent liberal.

For many people in Hollywood, progressive politics are a professional and psychological necessity. Because they spend their days cutting each other's throats, moviemakers take extraordinary measures to fabricate and publicize personal friendships. In the first place, they are constantly giving awards to show that they really do like one another. Second, they are forever gathering at charity events, to display themselves at their most altruistic (there are on average six charity events a night in Beverly Hills alone). Third, they unite behind moralistic political causes. Creative talent and the business side are naturally antagonistic, but an executive and a director can join hands and sing together at an anti-apartheid rally. "There is a cultural war

within the business," says Tom Selleck. "Yet both groups are predominantly liberal." When the writers' strike was at its most vicious, a producer from Lorimar told a group of writers, "We can get together and work this out. It's not like any of us are Republicans."

For others in the film community, progressive politics are based on feelings of solidarity with what they perceive

*If you approach the movie business
feeling that you should
have control over your own work,
you are going to
feel continually exploited*

to be the oppressed classes. These feelings are so powerful because many people in Hollywood feel oppressed themselves. David Prindle, author of a forthcoming book on the Screen Actors Guild, found that of those who went to acting school, 70 per cent consider themselves progressive, whereas 67 per cent of the actors who did not go to acting school consider themselves conservative. Why? People who are drawn to acting school tend to consider themselves artists. They demand the sort of control over their work that a novelist or a sculptor has. Acting school reinforces this aspiration. "If you have not gone to school," Prindle theorizes, "you tend to look at acting as more of a job and less of a calling."

This high-mindedness has a cost. If you approach the movie business feeling that you should have control over your own work, or that your working life should be determined by your own artistic talents, you are going to feel continually exploited.

CONSERVATIVES HAVE a lot of rhetorical fun with the working-class consciousness that is so prevalent among \$300,000-a-year scriptwriters and millionaire producers. During the writers' strike, writers at one guild meeting actually sang "Solidarity Forever." There was some speculation about whether they would dash off in mid-chorus to answer the car phones in their Porsches. After he made his first million, Steve McQueen bought a wardrobe of identical blue work shirts and identical jeans from a theatrical warehouse company so he could appear to be wearing the same clothes every day, and thereby demonstrate that he was nothing more than a working stiff. He drank champagne out of beer mugs lest anybody think he'd sold out.

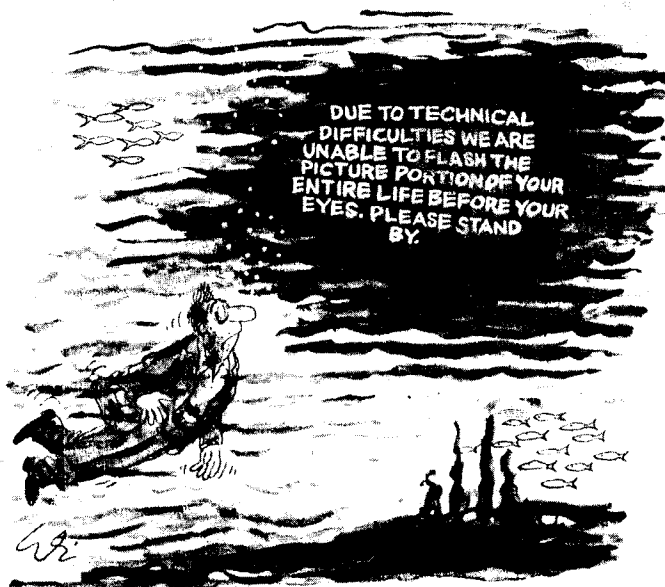
Insecure about their own place in the film community, movie people are also united by a shared insecurity about Hollywood's place in the world. "The artistic community in Hollywood feels vulnerable toward other communities that have stable bureaucratic organizations, the sort that don't exist in the movie business," says Prindle. In choosing their subject matter, moviemakers instinctively select

stories denigrating the classes that they believe coarsen American life and threaten the status of the artist class. Hollywood liberals are not so much against greed, they are against businessmen. They are not so much offended by war, they are against the military.

If you want to hear the world's most intricate conspiracy theories, ignore Lyndon LaRouche and head for Beverly Hills. You will discover that the Los Angeles freeway system was designed by the men in the Pentagon so that their tanks could quickly subjugate the movie community as soon as they had carried out their fascist coup in Washington. In Hollywood, no one is fooled by the apparent bumbblings of Edwin Meese or the adolescent hijinks of the Bohemian Grove. Make no mistake, in Hollywood these are authentic Threats to Democracy. "It is here," Ben Stein once noted, "that serious, intelligent people believe that the world is run by a consortium of former Nazis and the executives of multinational corporations."

You might therefore imagine that it was Al Haig or Pat Robertson, among the presidential contenders, who aroused the greatest fear in Hollywood. Not so. Al Gore was this year's Beelzebub to the film community. Gore himself might have been liberal enough for them, but unfortunately there was a Mrs. Gore. Through the distorting spectacles of Hollywood's insecurity, her effort to affix labels to rock albums was magnified into a shadowy conspiracy to handcuff the artistic community. "To actors, the blacklist seems always on the verge of returning," Prindle writes. "They detect the advance guard of resurgent McCarthyism everywhere. As a group, therefore, they react with near-hysteria to statements which, to a non-actor, appear to be normal political utterances."

The blacklists of the Fifties are vivid, even to some of those who did not live through them, and one of their legacies is that the film community on the whole is viscerally anti-anti-Communist. Indeed Hollywood, as befits the world's dream capital, may be one of the last outposts of faith in socialism. It appeals to Hollywood progressives because it propels artists into the political vanguard—or anyway it constructs the illusion, as in Nicaragua, that the revolution is led by poets. Even the oppressive aspects of socialism are interpreted in a favorable way. At least being shipped off to Siberia underlines the importance socialism



Eli, Punch/ Rothco

attaches to art. Maybe it is better to be oppressed and taken seriously in a socialist country than highly paid and disregarded in a capitalist one. Very few moviemakers would choose a socialist life—most of them are not completely self-destructive—but the romance of revolutionary political engagement is still alluring. “Hollywood people are attracted to the power of politics,” says Mark Litwak. “There is a certain amount of envy. They feel they are working in the land of make-believe, doing things that are unimportant. Politics seems like the real world.”

The struggle between Hollywood and rival elites is not only political; it is cultural. Movie people tend to be connoisseurs of their own emotions, and they talk about them, even with strangers, the way farmers talk about the weather. “Actors make their livings with their emotions,” says Charlton Heston. “They tend therefore to accept their emotions as a reasonable guide to decision-making. I was

M*aybe it is better to be oppressed
and taken seriously in a
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debating the nuclear freeze when the nuclear freeze was glitzy—this was not against Paul Newman, by the way, but it was an actor whose name you would recognize—and I said, ‘Have you ever read the figures on such and such?’ and he said, ‘No, no. This is a gut issue.’

“That clarifies more than anything else I’ve ever heard the way many people in this town feel about things. They take emotional positions, and having lived successful lives based on their emotional resources, they rely on those reactions.”

On the movie screen and in some parts of Hollywood, rational thought is suspect. It is what villains do. It stifles our instinctive emotional reactions and imposes a false clarity upon our view of life’s essentials. Terry Gilliam, the former Monty Python illustrator who directed *Brazil*, once told me, “Politics isn’t about democracy and Communism. It’s about people. Democracy and Communism is all bullshit. Those are nice labels to make it neat, like McDonald’s and Burger King.”

Conservatives in the community must continually swim upstream against the force of Hollywood’s emotionalism. “What we should really be arguing about is where our heads are at, not where our hearts are at,” says Tom Selleck. “Unfortunately it doesn’t work that way.”

In addition, conservatives in Hollywood are often perceived as traitors to their class, lackeys to the business and military classes. “I resent the implication that because someone happens to be a conservative, therefore they are less artistic. That shouldn’t correlate,” Selleck continues.

Selleck has not sought the conservative label, and has only attached himself to conservative causes out of a sense

of obligation. He explains why others have not done likewise. “Conservatives are gun-shy,” he says. “They still have families. They have to work for a living.”

Charlton Heston, a New Deal liberal at the start of his career, is more unabashed, and there is widespread speculation that it has hurt his career. “I’m reluctant to say that,” Heston counters. “It’s an arguable case in point. One would have to say in fairness that Ed Asner felt his show was canceled because he got into public confrontations with me.”

But while it is hard for people who are really radical leftists to get in on movie deals (in addition to his battles with Heston, Asner raised \$25,000 from his friends for Communist revolutionaries in El Salvador), movie people need be only moderately conservative to find themselves blocked. As a result, many Hollywood Reagan voters are, as Tom Selleck puts it, “in the closet.” During this year’s presidential campaign, Bob Dole was able to prise some funds from the film community, and producer Jerry Weintraub (*Nashville*, *Cruising*, *Diner*), one of the town’s most powerful dealmakers, held a fundraiser for George Bush, but it was attended mostly by Orange County Reaganites who drove up for the occasion.

Quite a few of the actors who have a strong conservative reputation are established figures who have based their careers on adventure movies. The heroes in these movies, portrayed by Selleck, Clint Eastwood, Chuck Norris, Arnold Schwarzenegger, and Sylvester Stallone, are all stoic men who contain their emotions and sternly mete out justice. Ever since Gary Cooper in *High Noon*, heroes have found gushy communitarianism an unreliable ally in the crunch. So adventure movies have, by a sort of gravitational pull, become a conservative genre, tolerated by the film colony because they make so much money. Meanwhile, few comedians or straight dramatic actors (and almost no women) are publicly conservative.

THIS IS UNLIKELY to change. Hollywood is institutionally leftist; moviemakers will feel solidarity with the oppressed as long as they feel oppressed themselves. They will feel insecure and exploited as long as success and failure are determined by whim, as long as state-of-nature conditions prevail. If the studios could regain their former glory, some balance might be restored (movies would also be much better, but that is another article). There is no sign that this is happening.

To be a conservative in the present Hollywood environment, one must be courageous, independent, self-confident and perhaps a little impervious to reality. Every lesson in town teaches that fate is capricious, that people are dependent upon another’s whimsy, that exploitation is prevalent, and that sleazy ruthlessness pays. In the midst of this shark pool, conservatives are islands of anomalous calm. “What I love most about this business is the pure competitiveness about it,” says Tom Selleck. “There are really no excuses, and there may not be any justice. I enjoyed this aspect of it even when I wasn’t working.”

Hollywood is a swamp of insecurity, and the sound you hear as you drive through is the sound of the inhabitants kvetching about the wrongs they have suffered. Conservatives are the guys who pride themselves on refusing to whine. □

IN THAT DAWN

TWENTY YEARS AGO the world was filled with a generation to end all generations—the “best and the brightest,” the smartest group of young people ever to inherit the planet. Defying time, they were never going to turn thirty (although some of their leaders had tiptoed past that landmark already). Defying history and tradition, they would remake every institution, realize every utopia, reform the world.

Today the Sixties rebels are remembered mostly for rock music and their opposition to the Vietnam War. But that is not really the whole story. “The Movement” of that era had a life all its own. In university after university, profession after profession, country after country (France, China, Czechoslovakia), youthful radicals had their day. In America, lawyers swarmed into the ghettos in search of causes. Psychiatrists forgot about the mentally ill and began organizing voter-registration drives and rent strikes in order to “improve poor people’s mental health.” (All of this and more, of course, was funded by the Federal Government.)

Lives were turned upside down. Imagine today’s most raucous faculty meeting at a Duke or a Stanford, where educated minds wrangle over whether to jettison Shakespeare and Homer from the canon because they are “establishment white males.” Well, that’s the way the whole world was for a while back in 1968.

Like most people who grew up then, I have mixed feelings about the whole period. Although not involved with Columbia—the fountainhead and symbol of 1968—I was on the fringe of a few other Great Events of the day, and so it was probably something more than journalistic curiosity that brought me to the Twentieth-Anniversary Strike Reunion last spring.

In many ways, it was just like any other twentieth college reunion: the balding heads, the greying hairs, the added paunches—plus all those people who, truly and miraculously, “hadn’t changed a bit” since college days.

Yet this one, of course, was different. “Other people go to reunions with their graduating class,” said Susan Osterman, “Fayerweather”—at this reunion, instead of your year, your name-tag identified the building you helped occupy. “But that’s not the way it is with this group. For us, the Strike will always be our strongest memory of Columbia—really the most important event of our lives.”

Only weeks after the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, the students confronted the university administration and, they thought, the world. Columbia, always cramped for space, was trying to build a new gym on city-owned land in Morningside Park. Harlem leaders objected. A small cadre of leftist students—always looking for some way to “link up with the community”—joined their protests.

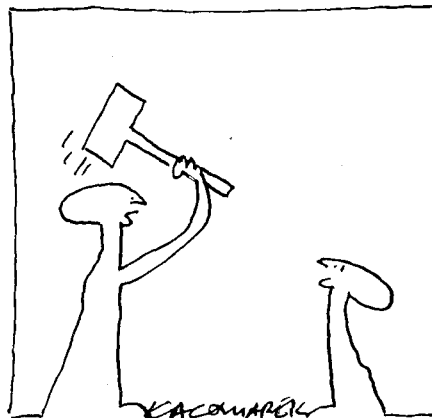
Then, one brisk April afternoon, the whole thing turned ugly. Students and Harlem activists lay in front of the bulldozers and tore down a fence. Emboldened by their actions, the students marched back to campus. “We didn’t know what to do next,” one alum

recalled, “but then Mark Rudd stood in front of the crowd and said we should occupy Hamilton Hall.” Like so many historical figures, Rudd—then a twenty-year-old junior—was an awkward, tongue-tied youth who suddenly metamorphosed into a tactical genius when standing in front of a crowd.

So the students occupied Hamilton. Very quickly, however—in one of those odd poaching rituals of the Left—the building was “retaken” by a coalition of black activists. “The blacks kicked us out,” recalled one veteran, not without annoyance. “They said we weren’t sufficiently motivated to defend ourselves.” In order to keep racial conflict from splitting the ranks, Rudd and his cohorts surrendered gracefully and marched over to Low Library, where President Grayson Kirk kept his offices. There they scattered files, overturned furniture, and sat in the president’s chair. (“From Eisenhower to Grayson Kirk, / Columbia goes from jerk to jerk,” resounded one chant.)

SOON THEIR NUMBERS had swelled to over a thousand, and five buildings were eventually occupied. Football players and right-wing students ringed the library and threatened an assault. Harlem kids formed an inner ring, providing protection. Food-supply systems were set up, walkie-talkie communications established, manifestos to end war-related research sent forth. National activists like Tom Hayden and Stokely Carmichael flew in to consult. (When Hayden appeared in the official documentary shown at the reunion, he was booed—it seems he has “sold out.”)

For three days, peace and love reigned. The students danced, played harmonicas, shared orange-juice cartons. “I’ve never shared such a feeling of closeness,” said Anne Hunter, in a typical recollection. Richard Eagan and Andrea Boroff were married in a can-



“I’ve discovered a cure for melancholia.”

Mr. Tucker is The American Spectator's New York correspondent.



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ONE IS COMPELLED TO BRING THEM TOGETHER.

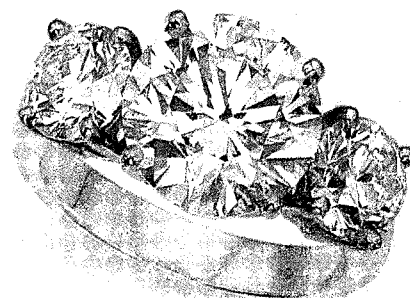
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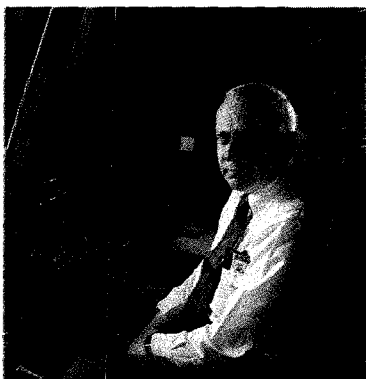
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dleight ceremony, in which they were pronounced "children of the New Age." (Still married and living in Brooklyn, they helped organize the reunion.)

Then came "The Bust." In the dead of night, "the pigs" arrived—the newly minted New York City Tactical Patrol Force. Club-wielding cops pushed and pulled students from the buildings, often forcing them to run a gauntlet of nightsticks. "I saw one cop run up and hit a French professor right over the head, knock him to the ground," recalled a still-impassioned former grad student. "He wasn't doing a thing, just standing there!"

After "The Bust," the whole student body struck, and classes were effectively canceled for the rest of the year. Faculty paraded in support. Protesting students held their own "alternate graduation." Leaders of the Students for a Democratic Society founded the "Action Faction" and were soon visiting working-class beaches, picking fights with Irish and Italian kids, in preparation for the expected cataclysms. Four months later, they helped take on the Chicago police force at the Democratic National Convention with "the whole world watching."

For many veterans of Columbia, "The Occupation" and "The Bust" were only the beginning of a long odyssey that still continues today. "It was the seminal event of my life," said Paul Berman, the Sixties correspondent for *The New Republic*, in a comment heard over and over. "Before the strike, I was just another college kid plodding through my classes. Since then I've been cast into the ranks of the alienated intellectuals."

"The Strike changed my personality completely," echoed Tom Hamilton, now teaching astronomy at the College of Staten Island and actively opposing the borough's proposed Nuclear Homeport. "For years I was fired from jobs for talking back to my superiors. After seeing cops bust heads I've totally mistrusted any authority figure. I've never been the same."

Barbara Cohen spent ten years wandering America and Europe in search of The Revolution. "After Columbia, I wanted it to happen again," she recalled. "But I couldn't find it. I took menial jobs, lived in a collective in Cambridge, then went to Europe where I worked as a waitress in Wales and on a pleasure craft in Spain." Only

recently did she return to the United States, finally marrying and becoming a book editor in Philadelphia.

I asked her what her life would have been like without the strike. She thought long and hard: "I think I probably would have been just as lonely, young, adolescent. But I wouldn't have had The Revolution to carry me through."

ALTHOUGH OFTEN lionized in the press as justifiably angry young men and women, the radicals were really something quite different. Anyone who had close contact with them soon realized that their actions were seriously flawed in both style and substance.

My one brush with Mark Rudd came at the 1970 convention of SDS, at which—in another of those odd poaching efforts of the Left—the Progressive Labor Party, a hangover from the Thirties, seized control of the organization from the student groups that had kept it going for nine years.

As with some crucial meeting of the Politburo, both groups flew in members from all over the country. When it became obvious that the PLP had more votes, Rudd, Bernardine Dohrn, and several other big names of student politics led a walkout from the ancient mosque auditorium into an even darker, dingier adjacent auditorium where they proposed (by prearrangement, as we found out later) the Revolutionary Youth Movement, which eventually became the Weathermen. New arguments broke out at this rump meeting, however, and before long the whole thing was degenerating into chaos.

I was sitting up in the bleachers with about a thousand other people. Right in the middle of this mayhem, Rudd suddenly walked all the way across the auditorium, climbed the bleacher seats, pushed halfway down a row, and sat down on the other side of an innocuous-looking little guy with glasses who was sitting right next to me. I leaned over to hear Rudd say to him: "Uh, it's been told to me that you're a member of the Progressive Labor Party."

Even in the midst of chaos, Rudd was still rooting out subversion. He would have run a great secret police.

Nor was he the most extreme. Among the immediate family of Columbia '68, Ted Gold blew up him-

self and two others in that Greenwich Village "bomb factory" in 1970; David Gilbert took part in the 1981 Brink's robbery, in which a guard and two policemen were killed, and is now doing life in an Upstate New York prison; Sam Melville, convicted of bombing several buildings in New York, died in the Attica prison riots—"shot in the neck at close range, the way Benjamin Linder was in Nicaragua," the Reverend William Starr, long-time Episcopal chaplain at Columbia, reminded the audience.

For the overwhelming majority, however, life seems to have settled down to a steady if unspectacular routine of radical activism. "I'm not saying I didn't see things in Russia that I didn't like—there were plenty of things I didn't like," said an ebullient Kate Ellis as she told the gathering of her recent "Peace Voyage" to Leningrad. "But it was the *idea* of the Soviet Union—the wonderful vision of what that country might become—that captivated me."

Granted, the professions of continued radicalism sometimes rang a little hollow. "I'm a stockbroker, but I'm still alienated," said Paul Kay. "I hate the establishment." Yet the vast majority have found a niche as housing attorneys, criminal lawyers, freelance writers, health-clinic doctors, labor organizers, environmentalists.

Then too, there have been some compromises.

"I no longer believe that a guy who kills three members of his family is performing a political act," admitted Bob Waldman, a criminal lawyer in Baltimore. "Basically, I'm looking to get out of this business."

"I was always a little put off by the 'either-you're-with-us-or-against-us' attitude," said Steven Ross, now a computer specialist. "But I'm still one of them. I appalled my entire family last week by voting for Jesse Jackson."

"Look, running a foreign-film movie house in Vermont may not seem like much," echoed another voice in the crowd. "But in a culture as vapid as America's, showing good movies is a political act."

On the first evening, the thousand people who jammed Horace Mann Auditorium were so enthusiastic that it almost seemed as if the old days had returned. "U.S. OUT OF THE GULF!" "SMASH U.S. IMPERIALISM!" proclaimed banners hanging from the balcony.

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Sir Francis Bacon	Thomas Jefferson
P. T. Barnum	and John Adams
Busby Berkeley	Casey Jones
Blackbeard the Pirate	Janis Joplin
Alfred S. Bloomingdale	Princess Grace (Kelly)
Margaret Bourke-White	of Monaco
Diamond Jim Brady	Bruce Lee
Lenny Bruce	Vivien Leigh
Lord Byron	Carole Lombard
Caligula	Huey Long
Al Capone	Jayne Mansfield
Catherine the Great	Senator Joseph
Claudius	McCarthy
Cleopatra	Glenn Miller
Montgomery Clift	Sal Mineo
Christopher Columbus	Margaret Mitchell
Adelle Davis	Marilyn Monroe
James Dean	Jim Morrison
John Dillinger	Wolfgang Amadeus
The Duke of Windsor	Mozart
Isadora Duncan	Audie Murphy
Amelia Earhart	Ramon Novarro
King Edward II	Thomas Paine
King Edward V	Charlie Parker
"Mama" Cass Elliot	Lieutenant General
William Faulkner	George S. Patton
Archduke	Bishop James Pike
Franz Ferdinand	Pontius Pilate
W. C. Fields	Jackson Pollock
F. Scott Fitzgerald	Cole Porter
and Zelda	Francis Gary Powers
Jim Fixx	Elvis Presley
Henry Morrison Flagler	Sir Walter Raleigh
Benjamin Franklin	Paul Robeson
Sigmund Freud	John D. Rockefeller III
Clark Gable	Nelson Aldrich
Judy Garland	Rockefeller
King George V	Will Rogers
George Gershwin	Mark Rothko
Euell Gibbons	Babe Ruth
Hermann Goering	Bugsy Siegel
Ulysses S. Grant	Sitting Bull
D. W. Griffith	Bessie Smith
Dag Hammarskjöld	Dylan Thomas
Mata Hari	Leo Tolstoy
Jean Harlow	Rudolph Valentino
Ernest Hemingway	Sid Vicious
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Billie Holiday	Oscar Wilde
Buddy Holly	Virginia Woolf

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Juan Gonzales—now a columnist for the *Daily News*—was mercifully short-winded, saying that, although he remembered Mark Rudd as “arrogant,” the strike had made him realize that “Marxism is not a dated view of the world.” (I had already gathered this from reading his columns.)

Nancy Biberman recalled the diminutive role of women in the strike. “The written histories all remember us as emptying ashtrays and serving lunches,” she said. “And I still resent being called a ‘chick.’” (“Chicks up front,” you may recall—the strategy of putting women in the front lines at demonstrations to make the cops hesitant about beating heads—was one of the first aphorisms of The Movement to capture the public imagination.)

But the evening was dominated by Mark Rudd. Scheduled for a ten-minute speech, he rambled on for almost an hour, reading from a prepared manuscript he said was “boiled down from 114 pages.” Rudd is so—how to put this?—so adolescent. For someone skilled at moving crowds, he was remarkably ill-at-ease, often oddly dissociating himself from his prepared text, like some high-school speaker trying to cope with undigested poetry. (“It says one thing here, but I think I’m going to say something different.”)

Rudd’s awkward mannerisms were overshadowed only by the antics of Abbie Hoffman, who bounced up and down like an over-enthusiastic eight-year-old in the front row. (“All that acid hasn’t completely destroyed your brain, has it, Abbie?” said one speaker when Hoffman identified some piece of strike trivia.)

Surprisingly, the only panelist who seemed completely at ease was Mark Naison, an Afro-American-studies professor at Fordham—who also seemed to be leading a reasonably normal life. “I had to rush over from taking my son to Little League practice,” said Naison, whose oral exams at Columbia were interrupted by a building takeover. “I stood up here tonight looking out over Harlem and I almost cried. What used to be a thriving community is now nothing but abandoned buildings. I didn’t even see cars on the streets. Whatever evil I felt hovering over Harlem in the 1960s was nothing compared to what I saw today.”

How did the strike change things, then? The gym, for starters, was never built. (In fact, the hole dug by the

bulldozers has never been filled.) Its absence didn’t save West Harlem, but its presence probably wouldn’t have done much more. In fact, the final, ill-fated proposal—which offered Harlem residents a small, segregated facility in the gym—probably would have created a bitter racial battleground.

How did things change at Columbia? According to one report, the administration, in reviewing the strike, found that most of the activists came from middle-class, Jewish, suburban families, so the college decided to stop taking so many of those applicants, concentrating instead on lower-middle-class Catholics and ethnics. Today, Columbia students are drawn almost evenly from around the country, whereas in 1968 they came mostly from New York City and its environs. There haven’t been many significant demonstrations at Columbia since.

The truth remains that most of the 1968 protestors came to Columbia with radicalism already in their blood. For those from Old Left families—and there were many—joining radical student politics was no more emotionally taxing than entering the family shoe business. But for others there is still some sense of renunciation. “We won,” said Andrea Eagan, who was married in Low Library. “We didn’t grow up and become our parents.”

A modest victory, perhaps—but then, neither has the next generation grown up to become them. A universal dismay pervaded the gathering over the “passivity” and “selfishness” of the current college generation. When Tony Glover (’86), a former leader of Concerned Black Students at Columbia, led off one last seminar by saying that he too found Mark Rudd “arrogant” and that Sixties radicals didn’t have much to say to today’s black students, there was almost a sigh of relief. Maybe things aren’t so bad after all.

There were other signs of hope as

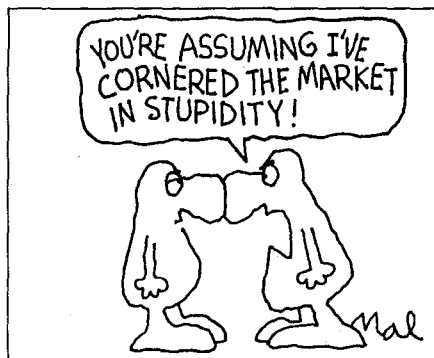
well. “When you see how the courses in Sixties history are being jammed by today’s students,” said Tom Hurwitz, son of an Old Left filmmaker, “I think you will realize that there are cracks in the current consensus and that we are soon going to have a role to play as those cracks become fissures.” Heads nodded around the room as visions of the once-and-future barricades rose again before everyone’s eyes.

WHAT I WAS looking for at Columbia, I suppose, and never really did find, was some small sign of penitence. Certainly there was a universal satisfaction among the survivors that they eventually found the common sense to pull back from the extremes of Ted Gold or David Gilbert. Nancy Biberman—now a tenants’ attorney—recalled a desperate, late-night visit from Gold the night before he died in the townhouse explosion. “He was looking for amphetamines,” she said. A letter from Gilbert read to the audience proclaimed that “the struggle has turned out to be much longer, more difficult and complex than we had imagined”—which is certainly no exaggeration on his part. “I now believe that the Vietnam War drove us crazy,” admitted Rudd.

But to most of the Columbia strike veterans, America is still the Evil Empire, the cops “pigs,” and Columbia itself a sinister place because—as the voiceover in the documentary put it—“we discovered that members of the board of directors were going before the New York State Assembly and Senate every year in Albany to argue their case for more state assistance.”

Has anyone ever really appreciated the absurdity of the Weathermen (and Weatherwomen), showing up at street demonstrations in shoulder pads and helmets, like some makeshift eighth-grade football team? (“The Weathermen are the guys who have never been in a fight in their lives,” said a friend of mine once in a remark I will always cherish.) Has anyone from the Columbia strike ever acknowledged that the police themselves represented the perfect embodiment of the “working-class consciousness,” that they had been driven to the edge by four years of black riots and near-riots, and that their anger was fueled mostly by the frustration of watching

(Continues on page 61)



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LIBERALISM VERSUS FREE SPEECH

LIBERAL EDUCATION cannot exist in "an atmosphere of inhibition and intimidation," as Dartmouth President James O. Freedman told a group of "concerned faculty and students" at a rally in front of Parkhurst Hall, the college administration building, on February 29. He added that the principles of "civility, tolerance, and respect for others" must be the guideposts of an educational institution. That is certainly true, and well worth asserting in the present atmosphere of campus intolerance. Mr. Freedman concluded, however, by attacking the conservative, student-run *Dartmouth Review* on the grounds that it had violated those principles, and associated himself "with the concerned people of the Dartmouth community," who had presented him with a list of "demands" that something be done about the *Review*.

In other words, President Freedman set forth an admirable body of principles and then proceeded to turn it on its head. For the victims of intolerance and intimidation at Dartmouth today are students like those who work on the *Review*; and the college authorities, instead of defending them, are accomplices in their intimidation.

Let us examine the facts of the case. The *Review*, since its founding in 1980, has been a thorn in the side of successive Dartmouth administrations. What occasioned President Freedman's speech was an article in the *Review* that was critical of a black professor of music, William Cole. The article consisted of the transcript of a tape recording of one of Professor Cole's classes, which was filled with language with which only a U.S. Marine would be entirely comfortable. The *Review*, in a follow-up, attempted to obtain Cole's reaction on the telephone. When he re-

fused to take their calls, four *Review* staffers went to his classroom (after he had dismissed his class) to offer him—on the advice of the *Review*'s legal counsel—an opportunity to respond to the article. The ensuing exchange has been variously interpreted. Suffice it to say that it ended with Cole's smashing the flash attachment to the camera carried by one of the staffers. Although Cole physically assaulted that staffer, and verbally abused the others, no action was taken against him; instead, disciplinary proceedings were initiated against the students.

Plainly, the students had not assaulted Professor Cole, and no one has suggested they did. What, then, had they done? Dartmouth's Committee on Standards found one student guilty "because he initiated and persisted in a vexatious oral exchange with Professor Cole, despite Professor Cole's repeated requests to leave his classroom." Another student was found guilty "because he was repeatedly aggressive, confrontational, and particularly vexatious in demanding an apology from Professor Cole in a raised voice." This student had committed the heinous offense of repeatedly addressing Professor Cole as "Sir." After a hearing lasting two days, the students were found "guilty" under Code of Conduct Regulations that prohibit "disorderly conduct, harassment, and violation of the right to privacy"; they were suspended for up to 18 months.

President Freedman justifies these

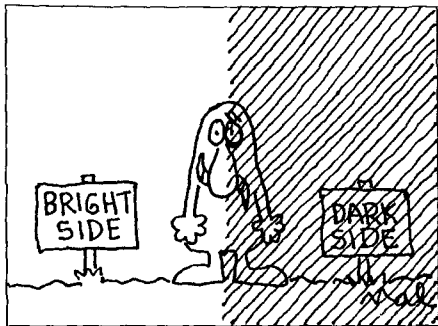
actions by frequent reference to the "hurt" that the free expression of opinion had caused to the objects of *Review* criticism. He asserts that "because freedom of expression has the capacity to wound the feelings of members of the community, colleagues also have the responsibility to provide support for those who have been wounded." It is far from clear that the *Review* can reasonably be attacked on such grounds. But even if it could, such an argument obviously conflicts with the college's proclaimed attachment to freedom of speech.

HOW TO RESOLVE the seemingly contradictory objectives of protecting free speech and protecting the "wounded"? Freedman maintained that "within the right [of free expression] is the obligation not to censor, but to condemn when expression goes beyond the limits of good taste or confers harm on other people."

This is, I think, a strikingly new understanding of free speech. Is it really possible to be for free expression but against expression that hurts feelings? Imagine such a limitation on statements that might offend fundamentalist Christians or members of the Flat Earth Society, followers of Lyndon LaRouche or Reverend Moon. Inevitably, members of an intellectual community will strongly hold views that contradict equally strongly held views of other members of that community. People who are hurt by strong expressions of disagreement belong not in a university but in a Trappist monastery.

Conservatives, long in the minority, understand this. It would seem the Left does not—at least, not when its convictions are the ones under attack. For, on various occasions when I have talked with Dartmouth faculty members, I have found that they are rarely bothered by equivalent invective in the

Mr. Washburn is Director of the Office of American Studies at the Smithsonian. This article was adapted from his speech this spring to the Dartmouth class of 1948.



national press concerning the character of President Reagan and his Administration. One example is a Dave Barry *Washington Post* column referring to "Ed 'Scarface' Meese . . . sprinting through swamps just ahead of police dogs." An attentive reader might note some similarity between the *Post's* high tradition of incisive commentary on the national government and the *Review's* comments on Dartmouth professors and administrators.

What would President Freedman say about the article the *Post* ran in May on Tom Pappas, chief of staff to a Maryland congressman? On reading the article, with its criticisms of his management style and subtle implications of homosexuality, Pappas jumped out of a hotel window to his death. Would this all-too-evident "hurt" justify action against the *Post* or its writers?

Some critics of the *Review* recognized this contradiction. In one of the few columns in *The Dartmouth* (the official campus daily) that demonstrate real maturity, Jim Sullivan ('89) wrote that Dartmouth "is not a kindergarten" and that Dartmouth men and women need not be shielded from the "big, bad world of unpopular ideas." He is, of course, correct. If sensitivity to the feelings of those criticized is to take precedence over the frank expression of ideas on American campuses, then the very idea of the university will have to change.

DEENDERS of free speech will concede that they face a real difficulty when this freedom is abused to incite hatred, violence, or racial or religious intolerance. President Freedman is correct to say that "harassment, racism, and intolerance have no place at Dartmouth." But do not his words apply more appropriately to those he is defending than to those he is attacking? The racial insults in the Cole affair—and there were such—were made by Professor Cole *against* the *Review* staffers. (There is a charge that one staffer hurled a racial insult, but that charge is denied vehemently by those accompanying the alleged perpetrator, and is undocumented—unlike the language of Professor Cole, which is both acknowledged and documented.) And black *Review* staffers were threatened with bodily harm when they attempted to attend, as they had a perfect right to, a meeting of

the Afro-American Society (AAS). But the administration has not found in these incidents any cause for punishing those who were guilty of harassment, racism, or intolerance.

In the chronology of the *Review* controversy put out by the college, there are frequent references to "demands" from those opposing the *Review*. For instance, on February 29, the Afro-American Society presented President Freedman with "a list of demands, asking response by 5:00 P.M. Tuesday, March 1." On the same day, the "Concerned People of the Dartmouth Community" (described as "a loose coalition of faculty and students") presented another list of demands. On Tuesday, March 1, the Concerned People and AAS "picket three Hanover businesses said to advertise in the *Review*." One did not advertise; one said it no longer would; and the third, the Dartmouth Bookstore, said it would continue to advertise in the *Review*. (I regret to say that it has since capitulated.) The next day, about two hundred people participated in a "March for Freedom" sponsored by the same groups. And the day after, a "Rally for Justice" was organized in front of Parkhurst Hall by representatives of Native Americans at Dartmouth, the Gay Students Association, the Women's Issues League, AAS, and others; it was attended by 350 to 400 people.

And the language used by these groups was, indeed, the language of harassment and intimidation. The March 7 letter to President Freedman from the Dartmouth College Black Caucus speaks of "an environment where potentially blood can be shed." Anyone who has read statements by radicals in the 1960s and 1970s can easily recognize the threat here. But it is written in the usual shifty way so as to imply that the threat comes from the *Review* students.

The specter of violence, Sixties radicals learned, was useful against timid administrators and potential opponents. Campus radicals of today have not forgotten that lesson. But President Freedman did not condemn *such* activities as lacking in "civility, tolerance, and respect for others." Instead, he spoke twice at rallies of the protesting groups and associated himself with their "demands."

Alas, Dartmouth is not an isolated example. At Stanford, the Reverend

Jesse Jackson led marching students in the chant, "Hey hey! Ho ho! Western Culture's gotta go" to protest the college's Western-civilization course; students occupied the office of Stanford President Donald Kennedy and presented a list of demands; and more chanting students disrupted the meeting of the faculty subcommittee considering the issue, threatening that "we would have walked in; we would have interrupted" if the faculty had not voted for the radical proposal. Since the faculty was already inclined to go in the direction demanded by the radical students, it is impossible to say whether Stanford was pushed or pulled. In any case, it does not take much imagination, as Sidney Hook has noted, to forecast how the faculty would have reacted had the Reverend Pat Robertson led a march demanding that the course in Western Culture be Christianized.

CONSIDER, also, the case of Julius Lester, a prominent member of the Afro-American-studies department at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, recently forced out of his department because his ideas, including criticism of the black novelist James Baldwin, irritated his colleagues. Creditably, the liberal chancellor of the university, Joseph D. Duffey, described the department meeting that expelled Lester as an "inquisition" and "improper." Less creditably, he did nothing to reverse the decision.

In Chicago, nine black aldermen leading a sizable mob seized and damaged a painting by a student at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago which satirized the late Harold Washington, the city's first black mayor. The painting was not merely removed from the student art show, but actually "arrested" and taken to police headquarters. Threatened with a cutoff of city funds and vague threats of "major civic unrest," the Institute quickly apologized. The president of the school, after being accused of "whining" about the First Amendment, soon saw the light (or was it the way the wind was blowing?) and assured the city fathers that the painting would be suppressed.

It is, I think, safe to generalize: Intolerance on campus today is almost exclusively a product of the Left. *All* the speakers silenced by protestors on

American campuses in recent years have been conservatives, including intellectuals such as Jeane Kirkpatrick, Cabinet officers such as then-Defense Secretary Cap Weinberger, and foreign guests such as Adolfo Calero. I do not know of one liberal, radical, or other leftist prevented by physical force from speaking on an American campus.

More, all examples of severe punishment imposed by academic bodies or their surrogates (such as student governments) have been directed at conservatives, even when the conservatives in question had themselves been physically assaulted. At Dartmouth, those punished in connection with the "shanties" in 1987 were not those who erected the structures in violation of college rules and refused to remove them when instructed to do so, or those who occupied the university library and administration building in related incidents, but those who tore the shanties down. Similarly, in the Cole incident, those punished were the students physically attacked by the professor. At Stanford, none of the students who occupied President Kennedy's office were punished or even censured for their actions. Occupying college administration buildings has become a virtually risk-free activity—indeed, one defended by President Freedman in a speech on June 14 as simply a more dramatic exercise of First Amendment rights.

How do American colleges compare with institutions elsewhere in guaran-

teeing freedom from intimidation and support for diversity? Our traditional understanding of free speech is well represented, I think, by the remarkable Chinese astrophysicist Fang Lizhi, who in 1984 became Vice President of the University of Science and Technology in Peking (or Keda, as it's known) and sought to secure free speech and academic freedom. He tried to create what the *Atlantic Monthly* describes as "an open academic and political environment" at Keda in which "diversity was something to be cultivated, not suppressed." It was his "conviction that anyone should be able to put up a handbill and hold an event on campus without having to seek prior approval from some higher authority." Now, if I read correctly the rules of Dartmouth College, dated April 8, 1987, on who can sponsor and advertise meetings on campus, as interpreted by the College Counsel on January 28, 1988, then there was more respect for diversity of opinion, more academic freedom, and more true democracy at Keda under Fang than at Dartmouth College under Presidents McLaughlin and Freedman. That is, quite simply, shameful.

The Communist authorities eventually cracked down on Fang, and removed him from office. He had been too outspoken in his criticism of Chinese Marxism: "In China," he said, "the Communist Party has never had any success. Over the past thirty years it has produced no positive results."

But would he ever have been appointed to a similar post in a liberal university in the United States in the first place? Indeed, would Fang even be allowed to *speak* on some American campuses given his message, so out of tune with the prevailing liberal biases on those campuses? He would certainly be ridiculed for his counterrevolutionary inability to understand the achievements of the Chinese revolution.

IT SEEMS irrefutable that the American university, once a bastion of free inquiry and defense of the unpopular idea, is now interested in exploring and defending only *certain* ideas. It has countenanced, in the words of Education Secretary William Bennett, the "tactics of intimidation" and allowed those with a particular political agenda to determine university policy "not through force of argument, but through bullying, threatening, and name-calling." This is what Julien Benda, in writing of between-the-wars Europe, called "the treason of the intellectuals": they betrayed their obligation to the *process* of free inquiry, which is at the heart of liberal education, in order to advance their political, religious, or other interests.

A final example: Dartmouth's treatment of the Hovey Grill murals. These murals on the walls of the student center depict President Eleazar Wheelock's negotiations with the Indians, which led to the establishment of

They Would Have Vexed Dartmouth

A silk stocking filled with mud . . .

—*Napoleon on Talleyrand*

It has been the political career of this man to begin with hypocrisy, proceed with arrogance, and finish with contempt.

—*Thomas Paine on John Adams*

. . . has no country, no affections that constitute the pillars of patriotism.

—*John Adams on Thomas Paine*

. . . the boneless wonder.

—*Winston Churchill on Ramsay MacDonald*

When I said that he was a sonofabitch, I wasn't using profanity. I was referring to the circumstances of his birth.

—*Huey Long*

. . . a disease-demonized soul . . .

—*Theodore Dreiser on Joseph Pulitzer*

You will remember that in Egypt He sent frogs, locusts, murrain, lice, and finally demanded the first-born of every one of the oppressors. Almost all of these have been taken from us. We have been oppressed with taxes and debts, and He has sent us worse than lice, and has afflicted us with Andrew Johnson.

—*Thaddeus Stevens*

. . . this runty, aloof, little man, who quacks through his nose when he speaks.

—*William Allen White on Calvin Coolidge*

The word "honor" in the mouth of Mr. Webster is like the word "love" in the mouth of a whore.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson on Daniel Webster*

. . . Chesterton is like a vile scum on a pond.

—*Ezra Pound*

—CHRISTOPHER BALDWIN

Dartmouth; a decade ago, President John Kemeny decreed that these murals would be covered by plain wooden paneling during the school year but uncovered when the alumni are in town. No action caused me personally more embarrassment than this policy, with its overtones of fascist and Stalinist attacks on "degenerate" and non-representational art. Only a backwoods school, ignorant of the implications and historical echoes of such an act, would make such a laughable attempt to protect its students from this corrupting influence.

It is sad to see the self-righteousness of the college administration in dealing with intellectual diversity. Not only do the authorities misunderstand and misjudge the students, but they are even more misguided in analyzing alumni concerns. I don't know how many times I have been presented with the image of the alumni as "disgruntled," "backward-looking," "narrow-minded" people who would somehow like Dartmouth to be once again what it was forty, fifty, sixty years ago: "all-male, and nearly all-white." The alumni are pictured as being un- if not anti-intellectual, wedded to the Indian symbol of their student days and the hard-drinking fellowship that has characterized Dartmouth's external image. Not only is this an inaccurate portrait, it is a condescending and contemptuous one as well. When alumni show their con-

cern over the covering of the Hovey Grill murals, they are concerned for the dignity of the college. They do not wish what happened in Nazi Germany to be copied at Dartmouth, even as farce. But that does not occur to an administration that sees them simply as suffering from an inebriated infatuation with the Indian symbol.

IS THERE any way to confront a college that seeks to coerce and intimidate students, alumni, and faculty who disagree with the prevailing liberal orthodoxy? Until Americans generally reassert the obligation of the university to enable all points of view to be discussed without impediment, the situation can only become worse. The creeping attempts to restrict free speech in the name of liberalism must be challenged. I know of no way to do this other than to demand frequently and insistently that the college administration honor its profession of concern for diversity and free expression, and to attack vigorously its failure to live up to those ideals. Since the administrators have shown themselves insensitive and uncomprehending in these matters, they must sometimes be challenged by ridicule.

At Dartmouth, one approach would be to ask that when the alumni are in town, the José Clemente Orozco murals in the Baker Library be covered

with plywood, to avoid hurting the feelings of the alumni businessmen, bankers, industrialists, and educators who might otherwise be forced to look upon caricatures of themselves during their visits. Of course some would protest that the alumni *should* see themselves in such a light; but they would then have to admit that social criticism via art is of a higher value than avoiding "vexatiousness." And that would reveal that they object not to the possibility of causing offense, but to offending the wrong people.

Affirmative action is another promising avenue. Alumni might "demand" that Dartmouth institute an affirmative-action plan to recruit more conservative professors until Dartmouth achieves statistical equality with the general population of the country—or, better, of New Hampshire. Few will deny that Republicans, let alone conservatives, are a rare breed in humanities faculties in America; a recent poll at Stanford found 80 per cent Democrats, 10 per cent Republicans, and 10 per cent independents. Would the college administration act on this fanciful suggestion? Of course not. But it might be forced to reconsider its prejudices; it might even begin to grasp the sad fact that the university is out of step with the nation, not because the nation is wrong, but because the university has cut itself off from the major intellectual debate in the country.

A final possibility is to establish a "Fang Lizhi Committee for the Liberalization of Dartmouth College Rules" concerning the holding and advertising of events on campus. The ludicrous picture of a private university in the world's largest and freest democracy having regulations more restrictive than those adopted—however briefly—in Communist China might finally challenge the college to examine the path it has chosen.

Until the college recognizes that the motives of conservative alumni and students should be given the same respect as the motives of liberal students and faculty, Dartmouth's difficulties will continue. If her principal concern is to guard against "vexatious oral exchange" and to protect individuals or groups from criticism that might offend them, then she had best drop her claim to being an intellectual institution dedicated to the pursuit of truth, and change her name to the Dartmouth Finishing School. □



WIMMIN AGAINST LITERATURE

TO CARE about literature, to teach it and make it a part of your life, you have to understand what it is and what it does. Does literature make you a better person? Matthew Arnold thought that it might. Robert Frost doubted it, but did think that literature raised human experience "to a higher level of regard." Lionel Trilling once remarked in a Columbia class that you may read a great book, but a great book also reads you—it judges, silently, your quality of response. My own view is one of wonder: that this human being, Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Brontë, Hemingway, could write *so well*—could conceive the hitherto inconceivable sentence.

Literature also has to do with memory. These writers, now dead, wrestled with the great questions, even as we stumbly do, and generously—but was it generosity or pride—bestowed upon us their legacy.

Nevertheless, someone is always going to have a different agenda, which supersedes literature, and in the academy today it is principally the feminists who refuse to submit themselves to the experience of actually reading, and who subject great and vibrant works to their own grievance machine.

At this moment, the heavy hitters within anti-literary feminism are professors Elaine Showalter and Sandra Gilbert of Princeton, in sometime alliance with Professor Susan Gubar of Indiana University. These professors and their academic followers have created a new canon resting on entirely non-literary grounds. This has now been enshrined in the *Norton Anthology of Literature by Women* (1985), in which the prerequisite for inclusion is not literary quality but resentment.

In a recent essay in *Commentary* magazine, Carol Iannone has intellectually eviscerated this school of anti-literature. "By discussing minor writers and works with virtually the same aes-

thetic deference given to major works; by ranging wildly among authors of very different sorts; and by pouncing on every conceivable reference to gender (noting, for example, that in *Wuthering Heights* Catherine is attacked by a 'male bulldog')," these bogus scholars make a bogus case.

Let's stick with *Wuthering Heights* for a moment, a novel that twists your heart, shakes it out, and then twists it again. You might think that because Emily Brontë was a woman, Professors Gilbert and Gubar would give her an even break. No chance.

Everyone who has really read this book understands that Catherine Earnshaw Linton dies because she has betrayed her deepest self, everything that to her really matters, when she rejects Heathcliff as "dirty" and marries "up" into the Linton family.

When you read this novel, actually read the words that Emily Brontë wrote, you understand that it is about torrential heterosexual passion and the betrayal of that passion by Catherine, who understands that she has betrayed it. In Emily Brontë's view, Cathy has sinned against nature.

As a young girl, Cathy went with Heathcliff to Penistone Crag—and that is going pretty far for a Victorian novelist. The name "Heathcliff" itself asserts the claims of nature.

This novel is also about marriage. It shows some utterly failed ones and finally what amounts to a supernatural one, where Cathy marries Heathcliff in death. The local people see them walking, yes, on the heath. Emily Brontë, soaring above the immediate possibilities of English prose, joins Shakespeare: how could anyone "ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth"? *Wuthering Heights* is a heart-breaking novel of the possible, the impossible, and the torment of male-female passion.

There are many views of such matters, including the prudent, but doesn't

Emily Brontë have a right to her own astounding self-expression? Who would dare to "re-interpret" her? Who would dare to look into the dark brown eyes of Emily Brontë and tell her what she *should* have written?

Is it possible that anyone could have that kind of *hubris*, the Greek pride that goes before the fall? Is it possible that a "critic" could tell us what Emily Brontë was "really" saying, as if that great writer did not know what she was doing—as if Emily Brontë needed a "critic" to tell us what she was saying? Is this possible?

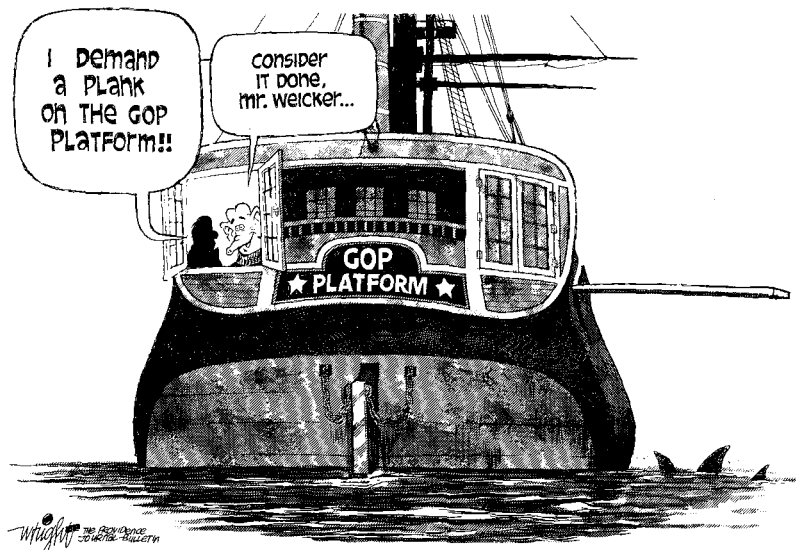
UNFORTUNATELY I have to report that it is. It is happening, as if Emily Brontë's own book were being re-written by the *idiotes savantes* of feminism. In their, and please excuse the word, seminal feminist work *The Madwoman in the Attic* (1979), Professors Gilbert and Gubar interpret Cathy in terms of pure anti-male resentment. Cathy dies, not because she has betrayed herself and Heathcliff—which may be the same thing—but because she has been "monstrously" inhabited by a fetus, "enslaved" by the "life process."

Wow. This is not only to mistake but absolutely to reverse the meaning of *Wuthering Heights*.

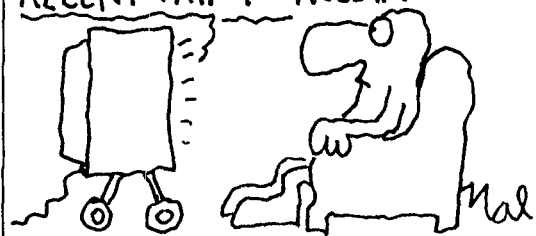
How is it possible for these minor-league "critics" to tamper with a great work of art? Professor Robert Nisbet in his recent writings, most pertinently *The Present Age*, identifies what I would call an imperial subjectivity, which is related to an assumption of equality. Because we are all supposed to be "equal," the opinions of a Susan Gubar or an Elaine Showalter are as valid as the art of Emily Brontë. Just by stating it that way you understand that the Gubars and the Showalters are nonentities in comparison with Emily Brontë. Where literary ability is

(Continues on page 60)

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...AND FOR TONIGHT'S EDITION OF 60 MINUTES THE REAGANS HAVE GRACIOUSLY PROVIDED US WITH SOME SLIDES OF THEIR RECENT TRIP TO RUSSIA



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Words from a Small-Town Girl

Festooned with cameras and with maps,
Heads swiveling from side to side
(Though some look up or down, perhaps),
The tourists march or limp or stride

From date to date and sign to sign
And house to house, delighted, shrill
With manic glee. Their faces *shine*!

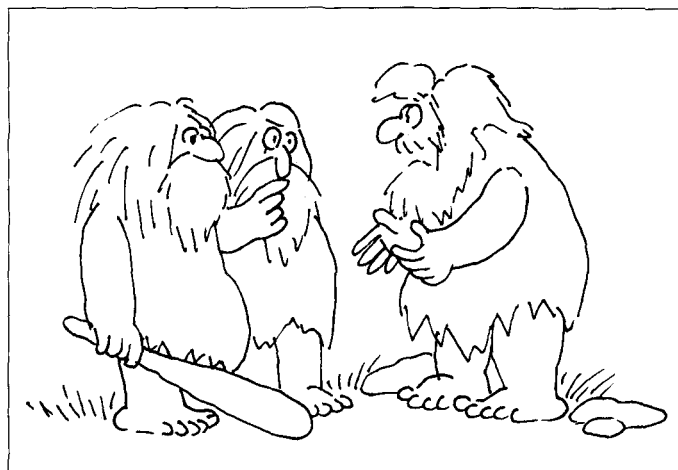
So does my own. I check the till.

MAUREEN CANNON

THIS SITE IS UNDER
THE PROTECTION OF
THE EPA
AND 6 CONGRESSIONAL
SUBCOMMITTEES



"That sign blocks a beautiful view."



"Here's the plan: we go to Mesopotamia, build Babylon, and become young, urban professionals."



THE CHURCH OF YOUR POLITICAL CHOICE

THE STORY of American religion since World War II is one both of convergence and of cleavage. Religious, social, and political dynamics are all converging on one side or the other of the liberal/conservative cleavage in American life. The ads used to say, "Go to the Church of Your Choice." Today that increasingly means political choice.

This is one conclusion to be drawn from two recent and important studies: *American Mainline Religion*, by Wade Clark Roof and William McKinney (Rutgers), and *The Restructuring of American Religion*, by Robert Wuthnow (Princeton). Wuthnow argues that the political polarization of religion today is in sharp contrast to the situation in, say, the 1950s. Then there was a remarkable religious peace, based upon confidence in a neat fit between religion and culture. Wuthnow writes, "The truths expressed in Biblical values were thought to be part of the unity of all truth, part of a system that was compatible at heart with physics, with poetry, even with secular philosophy. It was simply inconceivable, given this view, that religious truths would not be regarded as applicable to the entire culture. They would ultimately prevail. Religious people, therefore, could advance their values in the confidence that they were not having to oppose an alien culture but that the truth underlying culture itself was on their side."

Wuthnow may underestimate the degree to which this confidence was peculiar to mainline (now oldline or sideline) Protestantism. Evangelicals and fundamentalists did, for the most part, perceive the regnant culture as alien, although they were not sure that there was much they could or should do about it. And most Roman Catholics and Lutherans, while theoretically affirming the compatibility of Christian-

ity and culture, were far from feeling at home in the cultural ambience of liberal Protestant America.

Meanwhile, that Protestant hegemony itself began to fragment, according to Wuthnow, when its social activists started to engage in direct action in an exercise of political power. This happened in the civil-rights movement and then, more radically, in the protest against the war in Vietnam.

Before that, liberal Protestantism had assumed a close connection between values and behavior. The church's mission, religious leaders had believed, was to shape and promulgate the values by which people would then live. In the 1960s this changed. The suspicion grew that the American "system" was not compatible with Christian values. The additional claim was made that the values professed by Christians had little to do with their actual behavior in connection with, for instance, race and war. The answer, therefore, was for the church to intervene directly, in the form of clerical activism, in the political arena.

Wuthnow downplays the growth of church bureaucracies in the politicizing of American religion: he notes, for example, that the percentage of denominational resources devoted to national bureaucracies has not increased significantly. What he fails to appreciate is the dramatic turn in the purposes to which these bureaucracies are devoted. Evangelization, overseas mission, worship, and Christian nurture all declined as the church-and-society curia of liberal Protestantism waxed strong. Typically, every aspect of the church's mission was redefined in terms of its contribution to "social change."

On firmer ground, Wuthnow argues that politicized religion is directly related to the expansion of state power in recent decades. There has been no requirement of a religious-impact state-

ment, comparable to an environmental-impact statement, with respect to government interventions. But as the state has increasingly encroached on education, social welfare, and personal and familial relationships, the consequences for religion have hardly been as "neutral" as government frequently claims. According to the dominant interpretation of the "no establishment" provision of the First Amendment, religion must retreat wherever government advances. Christians of a liberal bent who favor the expansionist state must be deeply ambivalent about the consequent restriction of religion in public life. Conservatives, on the other hand, began in the early 1970s to marshal their resources to offer political resistance to state encroachment. The predictable twist, of course, is that conservative activism has contributed powerfully to the politicizing of religion that most conservatives deplore.

IN THE complicated churnings of American religion, culture, and politics, the upshot is that "liberal" and "conservative" in our churches have come to mean pretty much what they mean in the society at large. In an increasingly politicized society, religion does not inform so much as it reflects and inflames choices made in the political arena. Far from providing a common resource of belief, tradition, and moral judgment, politicized religion turns societal conflicts into crusades. This is bad for public life; it is worse for religion. Claims of transcendent truth are collapsed into partisan agitations, and unbelievers are confirmed in their assumption that ours is a self-contained and self-referring universe in which "God" is but a usable symbol in the service of political preference. □

A QUESTION OF ALLEGIANCE

WHILE THE MEDIA were preoccupied with whether Dan Quayle had once squeezed Paula Parkinson a little too close, Mike Dukakis ran into some real trouble: the Pledge of Allegiance.

Dukakis explained what his problem was: the Massachusetts state supreme court had given him an advisory opinion that it was unconstitutional. "If the Vice President is saying he'd sign an unconstitutional bill," Dukakis retorted, "then in my judgment he's not fit to hold the office [of President]." Wrong answer, Mike.

Though in practice the Constitution means what the Supreme Court says it means, Dukakis must be the first to suggest it means what the *Massachusetts* supreme court says it means. He only made things worse by falling back on New Class elitism: the judges know best!

Meanwhile, Bush, who had been down as much as 18 points in the polls, shot ahead by as much as nine points. What had happened?

In his acceptance speech in Atlanta, Dukakis announced that the theme of the campaign would be "competence," not "ideology." He said very little about his own record and the ideological leaning it bespoke. For several weeks, the campaign seemed to be about which man was better "qualified," and Bush, whose blunders and general clumsiness are seared into the national consciousness, trailed the poised and polished little governor.

But Dukakis's proclamation of the campaign's central issue contained a subtle giveaway, which Republicans were quick to pick up: Dukakis didn't *want* to talk about ideology. He could beat Bush the bumbling VP. Could he beat his own record?

The media were most obliging. They didn't challenge Dukakis's self-characterization: "conservative on some issues, liberal or progressive on others." They didn't embarrass him with his

record on social issues—abortion, gay rights, and all that—because to embarrass him would be to call their own unspoken convictions into question. So they helped Dukakis sell himself as a proven pragmatist.

Bush's problem, therefore, was to break through Dukakis's media shield. He solved it in his New Orleans acceptance speech, taking his national audience through Dukakis's record on every issue. He concluded by leading the delegates (and any members of the press who cared to join) in saying the Pledge of Allegiance.

From that moment on, even though the media were busy chasing Quayle, the campaign had become just what Dukakis didn't want it to be: a referendum on liberalism. It wasn't 1960 any more: it was 1972, 1980, 1984.

THE MEDIA themselves were shrieking that the Pledge issue was dirty pool. *Newsweek* charged that Bush had "seized the low ground." *Time* loftily deplored "the efforts to impugn Dukakis's patriotism." The *New York Times* hauled out its own constitutional experts to declare Dukakis correct. Anthony Lewis sniffed McCarthyism in Bush's tactics.

All these defenses may have compounded the damage to Dukakis. In a presidential campaign, you don't want to be the sort of guy whose patriotism has to be debated.

And once the question is raised, the public actually looks at the Democrats. That's when alarm bells start ringing. Jesse Jackson? Ted Kennedy? Ron Dellums? George Crockett? John Kerry? Christopher Dodd? Gerry Studds? Barney Frank? Tom Harkin? Alan Cranston? Not traitors, but not to be confused with Douglas MacArthur, either. And as for this being 1960 again, nobody could suppose that the feminists, Jackson supporters, and rootless vegetarians, along with the NEA, the

UAW, and other special-interest lobbies, had converged in Atlanta to ask what they could do for their country.

The Pledge issue catalyzed the subliminal sense that the Democrats had come to stand for all the centrifugal forces in the land. The Pledge itself is a reassuring rite of communal cohesion for millions of Americans who worry about what's happening to their country. Lack of enthusiasm for it is a corresponding cause of public unease.

Dukakis's bloodless demeanor was an asset during the primaries, when it contrasted with Jackson's radical rabble-rousing. But once he sewed up the nomination he needed an identity, including a few red corpuscles. He stressed his Greekness, since being "ethnic" has become a way of being "American," and Greeks aren't particularly thought of as liberal ideologues.

Look closely, though, and you find that Dukakis is a lace-curtain Greek, who has probably eaten fewer souvlakis than Bush has eaten pork rinds. And the deepest he has come into the heartland is Harvard.

While drifting out of the Greek Orthodox Church, he has been born again into the American Civil Liberties Union. As with most of the facts of his adult life, his partisans cry foul when Bush brings this up, but it's congruent with his political lifestyle. It clicks with his reaction to the Pledge controversy.

In the Pledge, Bush found a symbolic—"trivial," to hear the media tell it—issue with enough resonance to bring out the real difference between the candidates and their parties: this Democrat is no democrat. He's no pragmatist, either. He sticks doggedly with policies that don't work and there's no known instance of his voting with conservatives against his fellow liberals.

Dukakis has an identity now—not necessarily the one he wanted, but the one he's earned. □

MONEY MYSTERY DEEPENS

PERHAPS IT'S wishful thinking, but while calling the usual suspects for comment in the aftermath of the discount-rate increase from 6 per cent to 6½ per cent on August 9, I seemed to detect a certain weariness with the whole process. The financial community is deeply divided about whether inflation is returning—and, unusually, this dispute is not merely a rationalization of partisan preferences but can be found right across the political spectrum. There is a widespread rueful awareness that no theory of monetary policy has performed particularly well in recent years. As a result, most factions tend to acquiesce grudgingly in the policy of Fed Chairman Alan Greenspan, although no one is sure exactly what it is.

Now, finding the Federal Reserve at the heart of the otherwise basically free U.S. economy is an anomaly rather like finding the bones of a sacrificed virgin beneath the altar of a Christian church. The Fed is a central bank, albeit a peculiarly American version, since, unlike the central banks of other industrialized nations, it is not a government agency but a government-enforced cartel technically owned by the major commercial banks. Organized only in December 1913—more than a year younger than one of its most relentless critics, Nobel economics laureate Milton Friedman—the Fed, like modern public education, is part of the legacy of the Progressive Era, another of America's periodic spasms of faith in the efficacy of government intervention.

The Fed is supposed to control the supply of money and credit in order to prevent disturbances in the economy like inflation, deflation, and depression. But it is a matter of historical record that since the Fed appeared on the scene, economic disturbances have actually been more serious than

previously—notably the Great Depression of 1929–33 and the Great Inflation of the 1970s.

The Fed attempts to exert its control through three principal mechanisms: injecting or withdrawing reserves from the banking system by buying or selling government bonds; taking regulatory action, such as changing reserve requirements (the balances it requires banks to maintain to back up their outstanding loans); and altering the discount rate (the rate at which it will loan reserves to banks). Money and credit, however, are not passive. They fluctuate according to people's willingness to lend or hold cash. So the discount rate, for example, is what economists call an administered price: one that can be controlled in the short run but that is ultimately determined by market forces.

For most of the time since the Depression, the Fed had the idea it could fine-tune the level of demand in the economy. It focused on interest rates—the price of credit—assuming that the amount of money it was supplying was less important. But interest rates are affected by many factors, and the Fed often ended up supplying so much money to the economy that it boiled off into inflation.

By the time the Fed finally admitted the importance of the money supply in the late 1970s, however, the demand for money—its “velocity of circulation”—turned out to be jumping about unpredictably too. Thus, judged by the usual measures, the Fed supplied massive quantities of money to the economy after 1982. But, contrary to the predictions of monetarists like Milton Friedman, who had long argued that the Fed should quit fine-tuning and supply money in steady and moderate quantities, the economy absorbed it. There was no inflation explosion—at least at that time.

It's rather unfair that the monetarists' failure to predict the inflation rate in

the mid 1980s has been allowed to obscure their far greater triumph in establishing that the Great Inflation of the 1970s could indeed be broken by monetary discipline: that, in short, money matters. It's the kind of thing that makes you suspect that the economics profession might be dominated by political liberals who are blindly allergic to the monetarists' conservative and free-market associations. But the fact remains that neither a price rule nor a quantity rule for monetary policy has proved wholly satisfactory. So now the Fed seems to be flying blind, responding to ad-hoc considerations such as the state of the economy and the behavior of key prices.

AFTER 1985, with inflation declining to around 2 to 3 per cent a year and with Jim Baker at Treasury, the most important ad-hoc consideration apparently became the exchange rate. Politicians (and markets, it must be admitted) can only focus on one number at once. They stopped worrying about inflation and started worrying about the trade deficit, spurred on by pitiful cries from manufacturers who found themselves unable to compete with cheap imports. Imports were cheap because the dollar was enormously strong. From a free-market standpoint, this was a problem that would correct itself: the dollar would eventually fall, and quite possibly there would also be a reallocation of resources within the U.S. from traditional to newer, more competitive industries. But Baker, no doubt regarding this as impractical theorizing, embarked on a policy of negotiating with our trading partners to hold down the dollar in relation to their currencies.

One thing about last October's stock-market crash: it stopped politicians worrying about the trade deficit. Sheer terror about possible economic
(Continues on page 61)

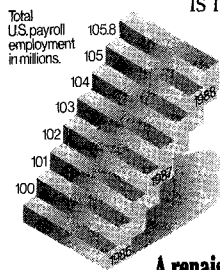
Mr. Brimelow is a senior editor at Forbes.

With so many things to worry about why are we so optimistic?

Those inclined to worry will always find things in the economy to worry about. But the fact is, Merrill Lynch research shows that many untapped investment opportunities are unfolding. And we believe the time to take advantage of them has arrived. Here are those trends. And what the astute investor can do about them.

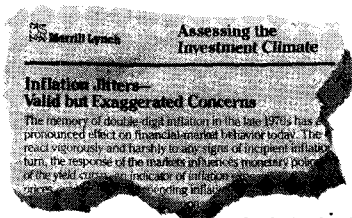
Economic forecast: Up, down, then up again.

The basic economy is sound. Personal income has been rising steadily for the last few years. The unemployment rate is near a 14-year low, and the gross national product is advancing at a healthy pace. While our research shows the possibility of a recession next year, it should be modest in length and degree. And economic growth should resume by the end of 1989.



A renaissance of optimism for U.S. capital spending.

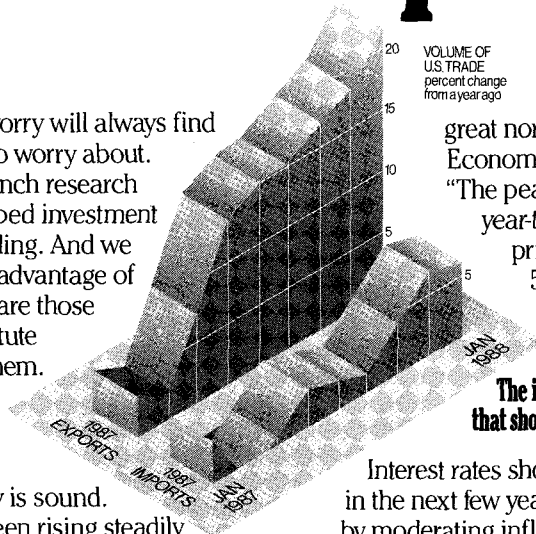
The American economy is undergoing a major change: the Industrial Renaissance. Exports are growing strongly. That means a rise in orders for American capital goods and an excellent long-term opportunity to profit from the rebuilding of our industrial base.



We also see emerging opportunities in selected high-yielding stocks such as those of utilities and insurance companies. And, as Merrill Lynch Chief Investment Strategist Charles I. Clough points out, "Foreign investment flows into dollar-denominated financial assets are likely to be increasingly supportive of the U.S. financial markets."

Inflation is up. But not severely.

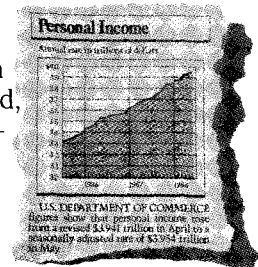
While the drought in the Midwest is boosting food prices, the overall effect should be neither



great nor long-lasting. As our Chief Economist Don Straszheim puts it, "The peak inflation rate, based on year-to-year changes in consumer prices, is likely to be about 5.5%, far below the 14.5% peak in the second quarter of 1980."

The interest rate outlook. Something that should make everyone feel optimistic.

Interest rates should decline substantially in the next few years. This would be spurred by moderating inflation, slower economic growth in 1989, and a rising surplus in the Social Security trust fund, which will make the government a bigger customer for its own debt, reducing the amount it must raise from the public.



This means that U.S. Treasury bonds and high-quality corporate and municipal bonds—which are now paying healthy interest rates—are also likely to increase considerably in value.

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BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

INTIMATIONS OF CRISIS

Robert Nisbet

THE POLITICS of *human nature*! One almost blinks in disbelief at the words. Shades of David Hume, Graham Wallas, and John Dewey! We had almost forgotten the idea of human nature, so swept up are we by such concepts as personality, ego, self, persona, role-player, and related icons of the present.

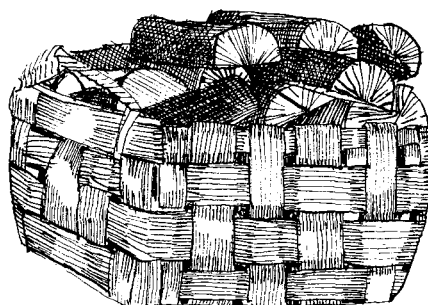
There are at least two reasons, I judge, why Thomas Fleming has brushed aside the bric-a-brac of the post-Freudian immersion in the ego or self and taken up the honored concept of human nature. First, Fleming is exceptional among students of social thought in being the product of a classical education, with degree in same. I mean a real classical education, one complete with hard work in the languages and ideas of the Graeco-Roman world, not just talk-sessions built around a Great Book or two. He is thus acquainted with the seedbed of inquiry into the nature of things, whether physical universe or *homo sapiens*—a circumstance that is bound to have a directive and disciplining effect upon the mind.

Second, Fleming confesses to a serious interest in sociobiology (particularly the writings of the distinguished Edward O. Wilson) and in anthropology (particularly E. E. Evans-Pritchard's studies of the Nuer in the Sudan). Fleming's original interest, he writes, had been in the idea of equality. But, around 1980, "I realized with some horror that no book such as I had in mind could be completed without a thorough investigation of what the social sciences and evolutionary biology had to say on the subject of human nature." The subsequent eight years have been well spent: the resulting book is scholarly in substance, popular in the lucidity of its style and organization.

Fleming has an appropriate sense of the degree to which Western thought is the product of crisis. "The collapse of Roman authority in the West created a crisis from which political thinking has never quite recovered. The world had been at peace, united in a

single language (Latin) that conveyed an entire civilization that was both Latin and Greek. A man could travel from Hadrian's Wall in Britain all the way to Egypt and still be bound by the same Roman law. In the fifth century most of the European part of the empire fell apart."

A great deal of Western intellectual and political endeavor has gone into the search for a replacement for precisely that empire. Christian monarchs from Charlemagne on dreamed of it through the Middle Ages. So did Pope Gregory I. The Holy Roman Empire, more pretense than substance, was consecrated to the idea of the Roman, as well as the Christian, Empire. Crisis, whether rooted in the breakup of the Western Roman Empire or in other great events, has been very much a



STUART LEEDS

The Politics of Human Nature, by Thomas Fleming (Transaction, 241 pp., \$29.95)

part of the construction of Western political philosophy. It was in the grip of crisis that St. Augustine wrote *The City of God*, Marsiglio *Defensor Pacis*, and Hobbes *Leviathan*.

The Politics of Human Nature is also, in considerable part, the product of intimations of crisis: the crisis both of morality and of thought in this century of the birth of totalitarianism. For, as Fleming well knows, the genius of that novel form of government has consisted in its evocation of many of the same icons that have figured so prominently in the ideologies of mass democracy, secular individualism, and national community.

Much of the book deals with authority, legitimate and otherwise. It is generally in the context of authority, natural or traditional, that the author considers such currently electric subjects as gender, equality, affirmative action, and family. His chapter on "The Natural Family" is penetrating and eloquent. There is much consideration of evolution, social and biological, and of the role of each in the

Andrew Boyle is a London-based author, journalist, and broadcaster. His most recent book is *The Fourth Man: A Study of Robert Parsons*.

James Gardner writes frequently for *Commentary*, *The New Criterion*, and *NR*.

David Klinghoffer is *NR*'s assistant book editor.

George McCartney is the author of *Confused Roaring: Evelyn Waugh and the Modernist Tradition* (Indiana University).

Robert Nisbet's most recent book is *The Present Age: Progress and Anarchy in Modern America* (Harper & Row).

making of the modern world. Fleming is very well read in these subjects; he is, in my experience, one of the few thinkers in the social and biological sciences to recognize the vast difference between the theory of social "evolution" and the contemporary post-Mendelian theory of biological evolution.

One of the high points in this book is its learned and imaginative treatment of the "federal principle." Fleming makes an excellent case throughout for the universality of federalism in both the social and the biological world. Devolution, decentralization, regionalism, and localism may all be seen at work in the organic world, while, in the comparative history of human states, empires, and republics, we repeatedly find recurrences of the federal structure. Centralization and unitary collectivism are possible, it would appear, for short periods, usually when buttressed by the demands of war, but in the long run there follows a breakdown of central power and the resurgence of local and regional authorities: "If all forms of community association—including the family—were destroyed by the total state, they would be naturally reconstituted automatically, like origami flowers plunged into water, as soon as the human survivors were revived in more natural circumstances."

Under the biased, partisan gaze of the *philosophes* in the eighteenth century (indeed earlier, with the humanists), the centuries following Rome's collapse were pronounced "dark." A more objective and informed view has seen this period as the cradle of a resurgence of the federal principle, a principle that Rome too had known intimately before the rise of the Caesars. Rightly does Fleming laud Althusius, the post-medieval world's greatest interpreter of authority and its legitimacy. What a difference in modern Western history there might have been had Althusius, instead of Hobbes and then Rousseau, prevailed in the thought of philosophers and legislators. "The key to Althusius' federalism . . . is that, on all levels, the union is composed of the units of the preceding lower level. In this sense the constituent members of a state are not individuals but the political units of cities and provinces."

If that neo-medieval design had been accepted, we should probably have

been spared the dreadful antinomy between state and individual that has plagued the liberal-democratic state ever since. What the modern centralized state has yielded is an individualism always on the verge of atomism. What Althusius proposed was a federal consociation of natural communities rising pyramidally to a central government of communities, not abstract individuals.

Thomas Fleming's learned, thoughtful, and superbly written book implicitly makes the case that the design of all nature should be seen as Althusian. That is to say, God is an Althusian. □

A MAN WHO CAN SAY NO

Joseph Sobran

John Cardinal O'Connor, by Nat Hentoff (Scribner's, 290 pp., \$19.95)

WHEN THE PIOUS but ineffectual Terence Cardinal Cooke of New York died in late 1983, John Paul II sought to replace him with what one Church historian called "a man who can say no." In John J. O'Connor, Bishop of Scranton, he found a man who could say no very firmly, but very amiably.

O'Connor got a hot welcome to New York: a *New York Times* editorial blasted him for likening our millions of abortions to the Holocaust. (Later he would encounter more trouble from Jewish groups when he called the Holocaust "an enormous gift that Judaism has given to the world.") The *Times*, in tandem with its favorite Catholic governor, has been giving the Cardinal Archbishop a hard time ever since.

Nat Hentoff may be the journalist best equipped to do this complex prelate justice. Though he's a well-known liberal advocate who doesn't hide his views, Hentoff is also a first-class reporter with a sharp eye and a fair mind. Both his personal admiration for the Cardinal and his disagreements with him give his *John Cardinal O'Connor* dramatic focus.

It helps that O'Connor himself is such a strong personality. He won't be pushed around, even when his mind is frankly unresolved. He is outspoken, yet willing to admit error. His wit

can scathe, but he also pokes fun at himself. As Cooke seemed to mirror the weak Paul VI, O'Connor mirrors the robust John Paul II, to whom he has been unswervingly loyal.

He's also a lot like Hentoff. The obvious difference between them is that one is a Catholic prelate and the other a self-described "member of the Proud and Ancient Order of Stiff-Necked Jewish Atheists." For Hentoff, O'Connor is a link between the old Catholic Church, which he associates with the Irish bully-boys he remembers from his Orthodox Jewish childhood in Boston, and the post-Vatican II Church. Hentoff's fascination is deepened by another difference: he's a born maverick (often at odds with fellow liberals and Jews) whereas O'Connor, whose mind is no less playful and ironic, wields—and absolutely believes in—institutional authority.

Politically, the two men are more similar than their backgrounds would lead you to guess. O'Connor once told an interviewer: "I don't like the word *conservative*. I prefer *orthodox*, and I am thoroughly orthodox in Church doctrine. And progressive—even, heaven forbid! liberal—on social issues." Hentoff has come to differ with most liberals on a single issue: abortion.

The book isn't a biography. It's mostly a chronicle of O'Connor's many controversies: with the *Times*, Cuomo, Jewish groups, Geraldine Ferraro, dissident priests, Mayor Koch, homosexual activists, feminists (but never, interestingly enough, conservatives). Hentoff gets his own licks in, but never lets his opinions distort his narrative. Often enough he thinks O'Connor has been in error, but he makes it pretty clear that the Cardinal is a hard man to best in a public scrap. Most of the people who have attacked him have come out looking bad. Affable though he is, O'Connor is not one to underestimate his own strength. He knows he can't wield authority the way Francis Spellman did, but he has found a way to do it that is perfectly suited to the Eighties: a combination of firmness, argument, disarming kindness, personal humility, and timely indignation. Above all, he has protected his base: he never criticizes the Pope, and he never wavers on Catholic doctrine. He insists on preserving the prerogatives of the Church.

This, inevitably, is where he loses Hentoff, who takes the side of dissi-

RANDOM NOTES

□ MORE OCTOBER TITLES: *Subway Gunman: A Juror's Account of the Bernhard Goetz Trial* (British American, distributed by Simon & Schuster, \$18.95), by Mark Lesley with Charles Shuttleworth, is an interesting account of the celebrated trial by a man whose initial belief was that Goetz was guilty as charged of attempted murder and assault, but who was eventually led to the opposite conclusion by the contradictory testimony of eyewitnesses, the behavior on the stand of two of the "victims," and the arguments of Mr. Goetz's attorney, Barry Slotnick.

Edgar Snow: A Biography (Indiana University, \$25), by John Maxwell Hamilton, is a sympathetic life, by a journalist once employed by the U.S. Agency for International Development, of the politically naïve author of *Red Star over China* who was wont to refer to Mao Tse-tung as "an agrarian democrat."

In *Fire Down Below: A Journey of Exploration from Mexico to Chile* (Simon & Schuster, \$19.95), Robert Harvey, a member of the House of Commons and formerly the *Economist's* Latin American correspondent, presents a vivid and compre-

hensive picture of the chaos and degradation that is Latin America, while remaining guardedly optimistic about the possibilities for democratic government in the region. . . . *Equator: A Journey* (Morrow, \$20.95), by Thurston Clarke, is an excellent piece of travel literature in which the author describes his experiences during a three-year trip in which he zigzagged back and forth across the equator on three continents.

Laurence Olivier (Atheneum, \$22.50), by Anthony Holden, looks to be an excellent biography of the actor of screen and stage whom Holden, known as a biographer of the British royal family, considers to be a man tantalizingly lacking a single persona.

Graham Greene's latest novel, *The Captain and the Enemy* (Viking, \$17.95), is a peculiarly interesting book about a strangely adopted child and his substitute father, infused with that special charm that has characterized most of the octogenarian writer's work. . . . *The Fool's Progress* (Holt, Rinehart, \$19.95), by Edward Abbey, is a picaresque novel by the author of *The Brave Cowboy*, *The Monkey Wrench Gang*, *Desert Solitaire*, *Down the River*, etc., which seems to be generating more popular publicity than any book to date by this desert Thoreau of the American Southwest.

—CW

dents within the Church. When O'Connor issued a directive banning pro-abortion politicians from speaking at Catholic functions, he ran into predictable flak from the "personally opposed" crowd. Hentoff insists on defining it as a free-speech issue (free speech being his chief passion) but can do no better than to cite the warnings of liberal Catholics that such discipline may produce a backlash of suspicion against Catholic politicians. O'Connor would presumably answer that the political consequence isn't the point: the Church has its own rights of free speech, and these surely extend to its property. (But property rights isn't a liberal passion.)

Hentoff is also strongly critical of O'Connor's support for the Pope during the Waldheim controversy. This was clearly an act of pure allegiance: it's unimaginable that O'Connor would have acted as the Pope did, but he felt constrained to defend him, which it's unimaginable that Hentoff, in O'Connor's place, would have done. But, as usual, Hentoff argues fairly, without easy accusation. You sense, though, that the affair wounded his affection for the Cardinal.

This is a very New York book, but

it has a wider interest. It's a valuable closeup of an important and representative man of our time, who is no less important and representative for being, in some respects, "behind" the times (and against the *Times*). In the words O'Connor likes to quote from Fulton Sheen, "What the world needs is a voice that is right not when the world is right but when the world is wrong." □

THE WISEST CLOWN IN CHRISTENDOM

Andrew Boyle

Confessions of a Twentieth-Century Pilgrim, by Malcolm Muggeridge (Harper & Row, 150 pp., \$14.95)

AT THE AGE of 85, my old friend Malcolm Muggeridge has finally decided, after some hesitation, to write his version of his voyage through a long and exceptionally crowded life. The American title, *Confessions of a Twentieth-Century Pilgrim*, indicates that the master's touch remains as steady and sure as ever.

Known internationally as a journalist, broadcaster, and writer for over half a century, Muggeridge started as an editorial scribe at the *Manchester Guardian*, before moving to the Soviet Union in 1932, where, as the *Guardian's* Moscow correspondent, he witnessed in the Ukraine the famine brought about by Stalin: it was the beginning of Malcolm's greatest disillusionment. During the Second World War, he worked in British intelligence alongside such highly individual characters as Graham Greene and Kim Philby. Afterward, he became Washington correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph* and, later, editor of *Punch*, Britain's weekly humor magazine.

The story of this man's conversion to Roman Catholicism may seem, at first reading, enigmatic. As a straight though subtle character, he would almost certainly say, "I still don't know why." Was it not once remarked that, "To those who believe, no explanation is necessary; to those who disbelieve, no explanation is possible"? Perhaps the greater question is, rather, why did it take him so long to get around to joining the Church? Having known Malcolm for many, many years, I can state truthfully that he had nothing against God, Christianity, or indeed the Vatican. By his own admission, he "relished merely sitting on the fence."

I recall a somewhat embellished story of a well-heeled English girl, the niece of Mr. Stanley Baldwin, then Prime Minister of Britain, who entered a strict order of nuns, vowed to prayer and perpetual silence. Thirty years passed. Monica Baldwin grew restless, desiring a few of the good things she had given up. She left her convent, then wrote about her experiences. Malcolm found both the subject and the title hilarious and arresting: a clever PR man had called the book *I Leap over the Wall*. Muggeridge roared with laughter. "I can see it all," he said. "There she is, wearing seven-league boots, but only of the very best leather." Then, suddenly changing tack: "I wonder whatever became of her, once she'd seen through the glare of the tinsel suns?"

Malcolm's father, too, had once been dazzled by the false dawn of British socialism. Many of the son's best essays, autobiographical volumes, and personal anecdotes concern his "socialist childhood," with its hopes and illusions that he could never resist poking

fun at afterward. But he would eventually find a faith that would not prove illusory.

What, then, is a conversion? The question is like asking, "What is falling in love?" . . . In the early part of my life, I used to think of myself as becoming a great writer whose works would figure in the Eng. Lit. textbooks, a Thomas Hardy, a Bernard Shaw, a Marcel Proust. Or an orator whose words would hold huge audiences spellbound—a Winston Churchill, a Ramsay MacDonald before incoherence set in. Or a revolutionary who, in the words of the Magnificat, would "cut down the mighty from their seats and exalt the humble and meek"—a Lenin, a Garibaldi, a Gandhi. Even as a great lover before whom women would fall prostrate in adoration—a Casanova, even a Frank Harris. Never for an instant humbly seeking admission to the most ancient, and—as I considered then—the doctrinally most dubious of all churches, with the murkiest record.

Like the melancholy Jaques in *As You Like It*, Muggerridge sticks to the theme of the Seven Ages of Man, not forgetting the Bard's words about "second childishness and mere oblivion—sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything." It must have occurred to him to doubt that he would ever finish writing this book. His eyesight had begun to let him down badly; his wife, Kitty, would increasingly have to read to him. He struggled on, the half-blind scribbler, the perfectionist he always was and continues to be, and has at last prevailed.

In a sense, this book is his last will and testament, garnished with chosen passages from people who have been important to him—ranging from Mother Teresa, Solzhenitsyn, Alex Vidler, and Hugh Kingsmill, to St. Augustine, Pascal, Samuel Johnson, Cardinal Newman, and William Blake. For nearly thirty years now, I have listened to my friend talk with immense pleasure about Blake's poetic genius—Blake, the man who had scrawled across his copy of Bacon's essays, "Good Advice from Satan's Kingdom." Every single extract contains its own message on the "fearful symmetry" of life. Malcolm still longs for a golden thread to bind together the cosmic jigsaw puzzle, loving it for the most part, yet sometimes hating it. He is the wisest clown in what's left of Christendom, still puncturing the hollow vanities of politicians, statesmen, and bogus sophists with boldness and style.

Born to be a jester, not without the clown's underlying sadness, Malcolm has no trophies to win now. It is the prospect of death, with the shuffling off of this mortal coil, that continues to haunt and exercise his thoughts, so producing one of the finest endings of any book.

Should any churlish critic say about this volume, "Nothing exceeds like excess," no doubt Malcolm would be the first to agree. After all, as Hilaire Belloc wickedly wrote: "When I am dead, I hope it will be said, 'His sins were scarlet, but his books were read.'" □

WE ARE THE CHILDREN

David Klinghoffer

Story of My Life, by Jay McInerney
(Atlantic Monthly Press, 204 pp., \$16.95)

BACK IN 1984, Jay McInerney and his editors ought to have passed round the cigars, for they had given birth to an extremely profitable literary genre. McInerney's *Bright Lights*, *Big City*, it turned out, was the first of a new variety of contemporary novel, a kind of Eighties urban-chic *Catcher in the Rye*, in which hip young college grads ran amok in our nation's great metropolises, overdoing it on easy, alienated sex and 48-hour cocaine binges—until some jarring event, perhaps the point at which their exhausted bodies simply refused to take another snort of the high life, forced them to step back and reconsider, to actually *see* the world rather than just numbly recognize it. The form reached its best-selling zenith in Bret Easton Ellis's *Less than Zero*. With McInerney's third novel it seems at last to have outlived itself.

In short, *Story of My Life* is a *Bildungsroman* without the *Bildung*. Its narrator-heroine, twenty-year-old Alison Poole, is a dumb little New York rich girl who lives only to prowl Nell's, Raoul's, and the Zulu Lounge in search of cute guys and controlled substances. The difference between Alison and the equally decadent narrator of *Bright Lights* is that, except for her chronic sinusitis and an unwanted pregnancy, Alison has little trouble dealing with her excesses: she makes no progress toward enlightenment till the book is

almost over, when, suddenly, her sister's drug-pushing boyfriend jumps out a sixth-story window. A chapter later, Alison has checked into a rehab center in Minnesota.

Most immediately striking about the book is Alison's narrative voice—a voice at once charming, annoying, and pathetic:

When we went to L.A. last summer, Francesca and me, we'd catch this air-quality index on the radio. We were supposedly out there looking for jobs, right? We had this little house in Santa Monica on Second Street which was Party Central—but anyway, what was I talking about? Oh yeah, there was this radio station we listened to, and between Madonna and the Beastie Boys the DJ would be like—the air really sucks today, don't go out unless it's absolutely necessary kind of thing. I really hate Madonna but that's another story. So anyway, coming back to my apartment made me think about the air-quality index . . . don't go inside unless you really have to. Heavy smog, hydrocarbons, and BO. . . . Rebecca and Didi are really disgusting is all I can say.

Which is supposed to sound terribly accurate, as if McInerney has captured something essential about the kind of



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cultural environment that could produce an Alison Poole. Unfortunately, this chatty patois depends for its color on a handful of cheap special effects—in particular, a bunch of what you might call nervous words, words that, rather than convey meaning, merely give the speaker time to think about what he's going to say next: "Like, I'm sure those guys behaved themselves, right?" "And I'm like, this cab should be a national historic landmark or something . . ." "Or, you know, after a really hard night I'll pick up the *Post* . . ." Drop the nervous words, and substitute the more conventional "I say" and "he says" for Alison's "I'm like" and "he goes," and Alison's voice loses most of its flavor.

If you don't think about it too hard, though, the book's whole portrait—of Alison, of her friends—does feel pretty accurate. It might, of course, be objected that accuracy and literature don't mix. The Russian Formalist Viktor Shklovsky argued that the defining function of literary art is to "make strange." What makes literature special, he said, is its power to "creatively deform" our ordinary perceptions, to defamiliarize that with which we have become overly familiar, to allow us to see the world through fresh, unjaded eyes. If that's what literature is, we might say *Story of My Life* is a bit *too* realistic, and exclude it from the category of literary art.

A novel doesn't have to be literary, though, to be good (take *Bonfire of the Vanities*, for instance). The real question is, does it move us—to laughter, pity, anger, fear, anything? The answer in this case is mostly no.

In his first two books, by focusing on the struggle between order and chaos in his characters' lives, McInerney created some moments of genuine emotional power. The problem with Alison is that, a real child of the Seventies and Eighties, she has only the vaguest notion of order to which she can compare the chaos of her present life. The product of a broken home, she offers these thoughts on the institution of marriage:

I wonder sometimes if it would have lasted with Alex . . . Then I say—what are you, soft in the head? It never lasts. I haven't seen one example yet. But there's still this ideal in your head, you know, like a vision of a place you've never visited, but that you've dreamed about or seen in a movie you've forgot-

ten the title of, and you know you'd recognize it immediately if you ever saw it in real life. It would be like going home, tired and whipped after a really long time on the road, if home was like it's supposed to be, instead of the disaster area it actually is.

The result is that the conflicts in her extremely chaotic life tend toward the extremely trivial. And unfortunately there is little drama to be found in the question of whether Alison's boyfriend Dean is sleeping with Cassie Hane. And, now that Daddy's broke, how will our heroine scrape together enough money to pay for rent, drugs, and acting classes? It's hard to care.

The more important reason she makes an improbable protagonist for a book like this is that, unlike the protagonists in *Ransom* and *Bright Lights*, twenty-year-old Alison Poole is still a little girl. Historians like to say that childhood is a modern invention: before the past couple of centuries, anyone older than ten or so who could drag a hoe or thread a needle was considered pretty much an adult. In *Story of My Life*, McInerney makes the case that childhood has advanced even further into what we still, anachronistically, call adulthood. Alison and her friends, all between the ages of twenty and thirty, live lives of unrepentant laziness and irresponsibility. The symptoms of modern childhood have invaded even the ranks of their parents. Whenever Alison needs her father, she says, "he's on some beach with a 19-year-old sex kitten." Mrs. Poole, when she's not passed out drunk, only wants to tell her daughter about the problems she's having with her new boyfriend. "It makes me wonder," Alison says, "what's the point of being an adult, except that you can legally drink in all states of the union—my mom might as well be 16 the way she talks."

So it comes as little surprise that, when Alison reaches her crisis, it lasts only 25 pages—hardly a crying fit—and strikes us as profoundly under-

determined. *Story of My Life* is the kind of book that might have been written about Jennifer Levin had she never met Robert Chambers. McInerney's idea—that, as Dean says, "we're a nation of children"—did offer the premise for a successful novel. Not this one, though. □

LOOKING BACK

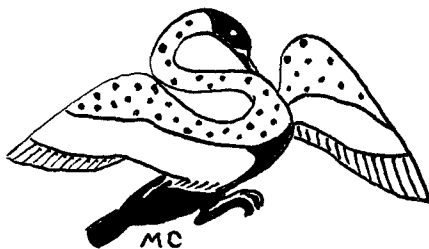
THE ONLY IMPRESSIONIST

George McCartney

I AM MINDED to die in my 35th year," Stephen Crane wrote in 1896. "I think that is all I care to stand." In the event, he was only off by six years. Crane's life (1871-1900) conforms to the romantic paradigm: the artist who dies tragically young after a brief and reckless career.

By age 24, this unorthodox son of a proper Methodist minister had written two startlingly original novels, the second, *The Red Badge of Courage*, winning him international celebrity. A period of hectic travel followed. He gadded about in Mexico, the American West, Florida, Ireland, and England. He took up the trade of war correspondent, covering the Spanish-American and Graeco-Turkish conflicts. In England, he struck up friendships with Joseph Conrad, Ford Madox Ford, and Henry James, among other luminaries. Then, at 28, the final adventure—"the great death" as he had called it in *The Red Badge*. Exhausted by ceaseless exertion and ravaged by chronic tuberculosis, this irregular preacher's boy leapt off the world stage just as our century began.

Crane's life unquestionably fits the romantic archetype, but his art, fortunately, does not. His work was wholly his own, and, though circumstances limited its quantity and occasionally marred its quality, it generally displays a masterfully hard-edged, unsentimental objectivity. Except for some bathetic lapses in his poetry, Crane was a craftsman wise enough to let his observations speak for themselves. Re-reading his works in the ample new collection from the Library of America (*Stephen Crane: Prose and Poetry*, \$27.50), one can't help wondering



how he achieved so much in a life so brief and tumultuous.

Though few in number, his best works were to instruct the twentieth century on how to stalk literary prey. While his contemporaries Frank Norris and Theodore Dreiser were still thrashing about in the woods, armed with their cumbersome philosophical and political agendas, Crane slipped between them, equipped with nothing more than his artist's eye. Look again at the opening sentences of "The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky": "The great Pullman was whirling onward with such dignity of motion that a glance from the window seemed simply to prove that the plains of Texas were pouring eastward . . . sweeping into the east, sweeping over the horizon, a precipice." In one vivid image, we're prepared for the pathos and comedy attendant upon the civilizing pressure Eastern commerce exerted on the anarchic West of the 1890s.

In "An Episode of War," Crane uses the simplest of images to portray the gulf between what we expect and what we get in this world. The story begins with a Civil War lieutenant preparing to ration coffee among his men. "Frowning and serious at his task of division, his lips pursed as he drew with his sword various crevices in the heap [of beans], until brown squares of coffee, astoundingly equal in size, appeared on the blanket. He was on the verge of a great triumph in mathematics, and the corporals were thronging forward, each to reap a little square, when suddenly the lieutenant cried out and looked quickly at a man near him as if he suspected it was a case of personal assault." The unspecified "it" of the last sentence is an impressionist's trick, and it works brilliantly here. "It" turns out to be the wounding bullet shot by an unseen sniper. But we don't realize this until several sentences later. We're given no more than the visual information shared by the characters and, for a moment, we're as "astonished and awed" as they are. It's only when the lieutenant looks "sadly, mystically . . . at the green face of a wood, where now were many little puffs of white smoke" from invisible enemy guns, that the picture comes together.

Our minds, Crane is suggesting, strive to fence off experience. When we're rationing coffee, we're at peace; when we're firing at the enemy, we're

at war. We like boundaries, divisions, compartments, those tidy "brown squares of coffee, astoundingly equal in size." Henry Fleming, the young soldier who fears fear itself in *The Red Badge*, tries "to mathematically prove to himself that he would not run from a battle." This is part of his need to envision and thereby control events in advance. Anticipating his mother's grief-stricken objections to his decision to join the Army, he "privately prime[s] himself for a beautiful scene." He expects to play the conventional role of the hero who must be about his noble business despite the warnings of those who love him. His mother, however, hoping to make things easier for her son, decides to hide her sorrow, and thereby unwittingly scuttles his romantic calculations; as Henry takes his leave, she "doggedly peel[s] potatoes," disguising her emotion behind domestic routine.

No wonder English critics in 1897 thought they detected Crane's influence in Conrad's works. Among the most interesting letters in Columbia University's new edition of Crane's correspondence (*The Correspondence of Stephen Crane*, 2 vols., edited by Stanley Wertheim and Paul Sorrentino, \$65) are those in which Conrad repeatedly defers to Crane as his literary precursor. Of course, much of this is Conrad's mandarin courtesy, as the collection's editors tactfully indicate: they include a footnote that quotes Conrad's letter to Edward Garnett in which he assesses Crane's thought as "concise, connected, never very deep—yet often startling. He is *the only* impressionist and *only* an impressionist" (emphasis Conrad's). This qualifies but does not discount Crane's importance to Conrad.

But it wasn't only a matter of technique that brought Crane and Conrad together. Orphans, outsiders, self-exiles, they were of one mind concerning both art and life. In *Lord Jim* (1900), for instance, Conrad's would-be hero is reminiscent of Crane's obsessively mathematical protagonists. After disgracing himself as a coward, Jim repeatedly asserts that he could meet anything "on the square." It's just that he finds himself forever unready for life's unexpected irregularities. The point, of course, is that squares, like heroic ideals, exist perfectly only in the mind. In the real world, the best we can do with our materials—stone

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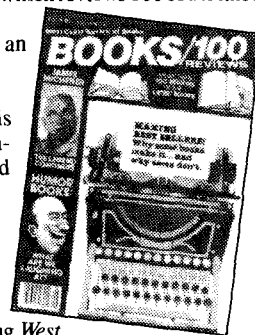
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and wood, love and courage—is approach the ideal in the stoic awareness that in this world we are foredoomed to fall short of the mind's extravagance. And in the next? Here Crane and Conrad are adamant. There is nothing beyond the veil of appearances. The universe is spectacle, pure spectacle. To ask for more is to invite painful disillusionment.

Curious, isn't it? The writers who shaped our century's literary conventions achieved their best effects by finding patterns of significance in the humblest elements and events of our common experience, transubstantiating them into symbols of uncommon power. Yet Crane, like Conrad, Joyce, and other founders of the modernist tradition, assumed the universe itself to be devoid of significance—a position requiring extraordinary metaphysical contortions, which go something like this: First, you establish that the mind hungers for pattern. Then you tirelessly roll out examples chosen to demonstrate that experience is patternless—because Nature is, as Crane puts it in "The Open Boat," "indifferent, flatly indifferent." But not so indifferent, it would seem, as to overlook equipping us with pattern-seeking minds. Hmmm.

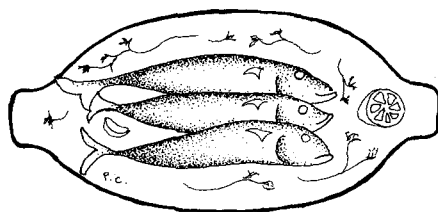
Crane's atheism, of course, was an article of faith. He chose to believe that there was nothing to believe beyond his own ethic of personal loyalty. That Crane's positive commitment to negative metaphysics should have become so much a part of the formative ethos of our time is an issue for the theologians. Suffice it to say that at the limits of its vision, Crane's "clear eye" forces us to confront the ultimate questions of our existence. He was, after all, a preacher's son. □

ART

REBELS WITHOUT A CAUSE

James Gardner

IT WOULD BE nice if the laws of nature and of nature's God accorded more consistently with those lesser laws that govern human taste. The inexorable force of gravity would then bring down many a misbegotten structure that now litters the Manhattan



skyline, while ensuring that seven architectural projects recently displayed at the Museum of Modern Art could never be built in the first place. Unfortunately, some of the projects in that exhibition, "Deconstructivist Architecture," have already been realized, though at least the exhibition is no longer with us. Nevertheless, it did possess a certain interest over and above its contributors' private delusions of grandeur.

The interest of "Deconstructivist Architecture," curated by Philip Johnson and Mark Wigley, was that it represented the cutting edge of contemporary—that is to say, post-modern—architecture. In their own minds, the curators and seven architects are nonsense colossi stomping through modernist cities, laying about them right and left, and leaving in smoldering ruins the entire heritage of modernist calm and geometrical integrity.

Much ink has been spilt in explaining why modernism has come into such bad odor in recent years, and in defining what exactly has taken its place. The truth is something like this: the middle class, against whom the earlier modernists had rebelled, proved so resilient in parrying modernism's assault, and so sympathetic to its principles, that in time modernism came to represent the status quo, with all that that implies of money, leisure, and complacency. The latest generation of architects (and artists) feels betrayed by this alliance. And since it is imperative that they rebel against *something* for reasons doubtless having to do with chromosomes and dirtied diapers, they have taken up arms against that art form, modernism, by which the status quo expresses itself.

For the architects in the present exhibition, according to Wigley, "the dream of pure form has been disturbed. Form has become contaminated. The dream has become a kind of nightmare." It pleases Wigley to believe that each of the architects in the exhibition "interrogates" tradition, seeking out its weaknesses and presuppositions. One project by Rem Koolhaas,

for a high-rise apartment, features a long rectangular "slab" to which towers are attached at a slight tilt. According to the curator, "the slab becomes the scene of a radical questioning of modernism." Similarly, Daniel Libeskind's City Edge project in Berlin "obeys the logic of the city precisely in order to disturb the city." Peter Eisenman, in his Biocenter for the University of Frankfurt, plays his usual game with "codes" and "texts," the key buzzwords of the post-modern movement. This project is essentially five undistinguished modernist structures jazzed up with references to several symbols used by scientists. Somehow Wigley manages to see in this "a world of unstable forms emerging from within the stable structures of modernism." And so it goes throughout Wigley's text, which is filled with words such as "exploit," "disturb," "clash," and "gash."

It is tempting to believe that the newest generation of architects has surpassed all others in the propagation of nonsense: but in fact this sort of double-talk is only one of the constants of the architectural trade. For a long time I wondered why this should be, and now I believe I have an answer. Architects (with whom I include architectural theorists) seem to have chips on their shoulders. Why, when poets, painters, and musicians can thoughtlessly disport themselves in words, colors, and tones like so many calves in clover, must architects alone obey the dreary and philistine directives of gravity and of their clients? In rebellion against these constraints, they have resolved that at the very least they will say astonishingly stupid things. Everyone from Borromini to Wright, from Corbusier to Robert Stern and Peter Eisenman, has had his convoluted theosophical and omphaloskeptical theories and convictions. The architect's self-absorption is further fueled by his knowledge of the direct effect that he may have on the daily lives of thousands, if not millions, of people. This realization, more than anything else, has gone straight to his head, bringing forth pontifications that would bring a blush to the cheek of Emperor Bokassa.

Of course, early practitioners might talk their gibberish but still build stately and beautiful things, which cannot be said of the present generation. There is, however, a light at the end

of this particular tunnel, namely that much of recent architecture is so poorly built that it probably will not remain standing for more than a generation or two. Older buildings will survive what is now being built, while generations yet unborn may once again come to revere those laws of taste against which the present generation so aggressively offends. □

FILM

GOOD CITIZENSHIP, DUBIOUS PACKAGING

John Simon

THERE IS the well-known genre of the buddy movie, but there exists also the less-chronicled genre of what might be called the anti-buddy movie, in which persons who hate each other's guts are thrown—often even chained or handcuffed—together and forced to make the best of it. *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, *The Defiant Ones*, *The African Queen* are typical, though unequal, examples. So is one of my favorite films of all time, the far too little known *Il federale* by Luciano Salce. *Midnight Run* is a pretty fair example of the genre—at least in the beginning.

Martin Brest, the director, is best known for what I consider a truly contemptible film, *Beverly Hills Cop*; here, however, in George Gallo's script, Brest has an initially appealing idea. Jack Walsh (Robert De Niro), an ex-cop turned bounty hunter for a sleazy L.A. bailbondsman, is bringing back from New York Jonathan Mardukas (Charles Grodin), a Mafia accountant by accident, whose boss was the very man who got Jack fired from the Chicago police force. Jonathan, called Jon, embezzled \$15 million and gave most of it to charity; apprehended, he jumped bail and hid out in New York. When Jack tries to put him on the red-eye to L.A., Jon fakes a hysterical fit and the two are taken off the plane to continue their journey by train, bus, car, even as stowaways on a freight train. They are chased by the mob, the FBI, and another bounty hunter as double-crosses and other peripeties proliferate.

Jack is a taut, tough, impatient man

who wants to make enough money to start a coffee shop; Jonathan is a basically respectable, happily married burgher on the surface, but reasonably crazy underneath. He assumes (rightly) that his former boss will have him killed once he gets to prison, and tries to befriend Jack, about whose tobacco and cholesterol ingestion he is genuinely concerned, and whom he professionally warns about the risks of the restaurant business. Jack does one slow burn as Jon gets more and more weirdly solicitous. This is fun until the movie turns into ever more relentless car chases and helicopter shootouts, whereupon most of the charm gets lost.

Nevertheless, the De Niro/Grodin relationship holds the interest even in the later, hokier sections of the movie. De Niro has a marvelous way of scrunching up his face into a smile of agony, as well as of exploding on the installment plan, and he somehow manages to play his part to the hilt even while faintly suggesting that he is kidding it. He oozes canniness and determination along with a lot of repressed decency, as his compact, streamlined frame races ahead on unleaded nervous energy.

Contrariwise, Grodin, though bigger, is also much softer (the actor seems to have put on considerable weight), and has a woebegone, slack-jawed look about him that can readily be heightened into noisy hysteria. Yet Grodin underplays the part, making one or two expressions and intonations leitmotifs, then subjecting them to highly suggestive variations. He is especially impressive when communicating with a bus-ticket seller by means of tiny head movements and eloquent facial play, meant to give De Niro surreptitiously the lie.

There they are, then, this not-so-wild boar and this not altogether cuddly teddy bear, always figuratively and often literally handcuffed together, making funny conversation or dropping even funnier throwaway lines. Suddenly the subtext dawns on us: De Niro is the goy and Grodin the Jew; they must make a go of it if the social fabric is not to rip. An interesting idea, but underdeveloped.

BUDDYHOOD is in full swing again in John McTiernan's *Die Hard*, in which Bruce Willis plays an off-duty New York City policeman, John Mc-

Clane, who comes to L.A. to spend the Christmas holidays with his semi-estranged wife and two small children. The wife (Bonnie Bedelia) is a top executive with Nakatomi, a Japanese supercorporation, and already we wonder how such a high-positioned wife in Los Angeles could be married to a lowly cop in New York. It seems John lost her by being too macho and refusing to relocate to L.A. after she got a smashing job there. But expecting logic from this movie will get us nowhere.

Anyway, a gang of international terrorists led by a German, Hans Gruber (Alan Rickman, of the Royal Shakespeare Company), takes over the not-quite-finished skyscraper in Century City where the only life is in the Nakatomi offices, with a Christmas party in progress; John dropped in on it straight from the airport. He manages to vanish before the terrorists notice him, and proceeds, by every conceivable strategy, to summon help, harass and confound the criminals, and occasionally pick off one or another of them in ferocious shootouts or fist-fights. It is all preposterous, but mostly fun, and sometimes even exciting.

Eventually one policeman shows up—the laid-back, rotund, black Sergeant Al Powell (Reginald Veljohnson); when he finally cottons on to what is happening he becomes John's only true ally over a CB radio whereby they communicate. Meanwhile the Los Angeles police, commanded by a deputy chief (we must not badmouth the chief), make, in both senses of the word, bloody asses of themselves, only to be surpassed by the FBI, which takes over and provides cynical indifference to the lives of the terrorists' hostages in addition to mere stupidity, in which it is not lacking either.

Meanwhile John keeps bearding the terrorists, who are really *former* terrorists turned murderous thieves (we mustn't offend true German terrorists, who may have an ideal or two), now after \$650 million in bearer bonds that are residing in Nakatomi's seven-fold-protected safe. They have already killed the Japanese head man, which puts in charge Mrs. McClane, except that she has reverted to her maiden name (must give the feminists something to connect with); she proves worthy of her brave boss (mustn't offend the Japanese market). Bruce Willis runs around scantily clad—the at-

tack caught him in the bathroom—and several terrorists are good-looking hunks, notably the former Russian ballet dancer Alexander Godunov, McClane's most implacable and sexiest enemy (must give the nonfeminist women and homosexuals in the audience something to thrill to).

The main emotional strand in the movie, aside from one sentimental speech about his wife by McClane to

Powell over the radio, is the buddy-hood between whites and blacks. True, there is one black among the gangsters, but he is their supreme technocrat, a genius at breaking computer codes and a cool wit to boot (Clarence Gilyard Jr. plays him well); but black, too, is McClane's jolly, young limousine driver, who seems nosy and shiftless at first, then ends up smartly ramming the getaway car with his

limo and punching out the driver. As for Al Powell, another black who starts out seemingly slow, he ends up saving the lives of Mr. and Mrs. McClane (yes, she symbolically reverts to her married name) in a way you can pretty much guess the moment he confesses, early on, to have become incapable of shooting at anyone since he once accidentally killed a teenager.

When John and his wife emerge

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

EVERY OTHER morning or so, from the front page of the *Casper* [Wyoming] *Star-Tribune*, I can plot the growth of the Yellowstone conflagrations—North Fork Fire, Shoshone-Red Fire, Clover-Mist Fire, etc.—as they advance upon and surround the works of man—West Thumb, Grant Village, the Old Faithful area with its cluster of concessionary hotels—in the park. My sympathies are with the fires (which were ignited naturally, by lightning strikes, and thrive on a combination of conditions believed not to have prevailed in the wider vicinity for 150 years). The Old Faithful Lodge is a nice old place, but it doesn't belong there; as for the sanitized campgrounds, concession stands, hostels, outdoor lavatories, parking lots, and Winnebago pads of industrial tourism, they deserve to be reduced to broken lava fields spiked with twisted, blackened metal. If nature had its way (and mine), Yellowstone Park would soon be back in the business of providing what is known as "a wilderness experience" (however scorched a one), concurrently with the development of fresh natural growth and an improved wildlife habitat. Unfortunately for radicals like me, the National Park Service, despite its controversial free-burn policies, isn't going to see it this way.

It is nice that the folks at the NPS have been removing, since 1916, all that land from the talons of industrial expansion, population growth, and the Forces of Regress generally. On the other hand, it is not always nice what they have done to it. The most satisfactory national park in my experience, for instance, is Canyonlands in southeastern Utah. Canyonlands is a vast wilderness of desert rock with two (2) unconnected roads deadheading at a considerable distance from one another;

at each end of the park, there is a ranger station consisting of a single house-trailer, and, at the southern end, a few developed campsites. Otherwise—nothing. But there is a reason for that nothing: the trillion-dollar deficit, which dissipated the Park Service's dream of an elaborate tourist mecca, complete with hotels, hundreds of miles of paved roads, parking lots, visitors' centers—the works. The concept behind such grandiose atrocities is known within the NPS as one of *use* as opposed to *preservation*, and, despite the assurances of former Park Service Director George B. Hartzog Jr., in *Battling for the National Parks* (Moyer Bell, \$19.95), that the preservationist philosophy has prevailed since 1963, I have my doubts—along with Edward Abbey, the sardonic author of *Desert Solitaire*, who was once employed as a park ranger at Arches National Monument.

Hartzog chooses not to take on Alston Chase, the author of a sensational book of two years ago, *Playing God in Yellowstone*. It's a smart choice: for one thing, Chase's book was published almost 14 years after Hartzog was fired by President Nixon at the end of 1972, apparently as a result of his having denied a special-use permit in Florida to Bebe Rebozo; for another, I gather, after reading *Battling for the National Parks*, that Hartzog has no satisfactory arguments with which to oppose Mr. Chase's charges of ecological mismanagement. Instead, he recounts how the Leopold Report, drafted by a team of distinguished scientists and released in 1963, coincided with the surge of environmental concern that has been a fixture of American politics ever since, and how the Park Service harnessed this concern in order to add vast holdings

of land to its domain. Its crowning victory was the passage of the Alaska National Interests Lands Conservation Act which, when signed by President Carter, transferred over 100 million acres of Alaskan territory to the National Park Service and three other government agencies; quite possibly this legislation, for which the President fought hard and effectively, represents Jimmy Carter's single positive accomplishment as President.

For the rest, *Battling for the National Parks* is an intermittently interesting book, too short on ideas and too long on bureaucratic maneuverings. Hartzog was appointed director of the National Park Service in 1964 and served in that capacity for almost nine years; following his dismissal, he has kept in close touch with the Service, and in fact some of the best material in his book pertains to the politics of the NPS and Interior since his departure. His account of James Watt's hostile incompetence in supervising invaluable public lands is scathing and compelling, as is his description of President Ford's hypocritical support of the park system when, running against Carter, he gave a Potemkin speech on its behalf at Old Faithful, brazenly demanding more money after having throttled the NPS's financial lifeline for months.

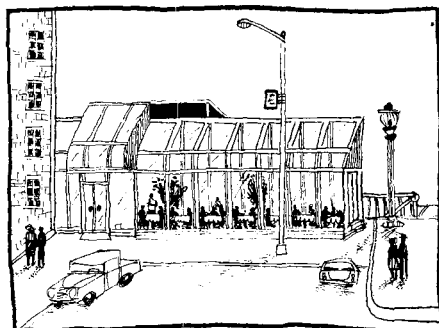
Ultimately, though, this book is marred by Hartzog's belief (endemic in the bureaucracy) that more is always more, that you cannot have too much of a good thing. The trouble with the national parks is not too little money but too much—too many people catered to not by too few services but by too many. Mass democracy, as John Lukacs likes to say, is inherently, and in every aspect, inflationary. Nature, however, doesn't keep pace. □

from that blazing inferno—though the skyscraper seems remarkably unscathed (but, then, we must not harm, only publicize, what is actually the producing company's new headquarters, and no more expendable than the star, who was paid \$5 million)—his embrace with Al, whom he finally meets face to face, is scarcely less warm than the preceding one with the wife he rescued. So here the encoded message is interracial brotherhood, with which one cannot quarrel, except for the calculated way it is presented in this altogether cynical movie.

Die Hard does have some very interesting performances, such as Alan Rickman's Gruber. Many of the best-hated Nazis in American movies about World War II were played by Britishers (a phenomenon that could use some analyzing), and Rickman—sneeringly elitist and condescendingly sadistic—carries on the tradition as Gruber. He is helped by his ability to contort his mouth in more ways than the average dentist is likely to have encountered, and by displaying the sinisterly bad teeth inhabiting so many British mouths.

The film, effectively directed and well cast, contains only one poor performance, that of Hart Bochner, who greasily overacts a cowardly, coke-snorting, scheming colleague of Mrs. McClane's. We also learn from *Die Hard* that younger terrorists tend to wear their hair long, that terrorist leaders and top Japanese executives have the same Savile Row tailors, and that one New York cop is worth about the whole Los Angeles Police Department—this last, especially comforting news for us New Yorkers.

I MENTION the totally undistinguished *Pascali's Island* only because this English film is the first, to my knowledge, to perpetrate the ghastly solecism "I have often thought of you and I,"



M.I.A.N

uttered here by yet another leading actor of the RSC, Ben Kingsley. □

THE GIMLET EYE

JANE LUND

D. Keith Mano

HER STUDIO is the stillest place. Vermeer might have painted it. On her table and on her easel—competing evenly for the greater claim to realness—are three eggs and one blown-glass vase. Pastel is a frail and brutal medium. Gorgeous dust rises all day. She will puff it aside with her turkey-baster thing. When blocking out wide swatches of color she has to wear a mask. Stroke and blend, stroke and blend: lines so infinitesimal they make this comma, here, seem flourish-size. Drawn always left to right: right-side, you see, she must allow room for the maulstick on which her drawing hand rests. It may take more than a year to complete this still life. After some while, on any given day, her neck stiffens. Then her back. She has to wear glasses now. Her name is Jane Lund. And she has become, to be modest about it, America's finest pastel artist.

I have known Jane Lund since, oh, birth. Her mother and my mother remain best friends after more than half a century. Jane, come summer, would visit our upstate mountain cabin. She had the habit of roping me into unsound business ventures: handyman service, wash delivery, even a publishing enterprise that sold home-made pulp fiction from my Janesville wagon. Jane was somewhat older than I and more mature anyhow, in the way of female children: her eccentric, bright mind propagated strange waves that still influence my thought. Even then Jane had a feverish, immediate vision that could disable reality by making it bear too much weight. Grotesque, extreme events possessed her. Every summer, after Jane left us, I slept with a night light until autumn. Yet today our artistic sensibilities are remarkably similar. And, though I was no doubt inclined by nature to this preoccupation with what is overwrought and sensuous, Jane taught me (as no adult could have) that such a fierce bent did

not disqualify one from human fellowship. We have spent a lifetime, each of us, shocking our parents.

I recall an afternoon: I was 22 or so and hadn't seen Jane in some years. I gave her a rough-draft chapter of my first novel to look through. Back then Jane was producing idiosyncratic, wild acrylic art that incorporated, among other things, human teeth. She put the manuscript down and said, "Gee. Wouldn't it be swell if you could sell a novel and I could sell a painting?" Ah, the lost, sweet innocence of that moment. I could weep. It happened in time. Though, to be frank, her pastels now sell for more than any novel of mine ever has.

Jane was a technical illustrator at that time. Soon afterward, on the casual suggestion of some friend, she took up pastels. "Basically I'm a draftsman," Jane said in her New England backyard. "Pastels lent themselves to my ability. In effect it was like drawing with color."

And what drawing. For half of one decade—her "moon" period—Jane drew sexual, ceremonial, doom-struck hallucinations that were to the moon as menstruation is. All perpetrated in a silence deeper than any I have seen. It was subject matter, she told me, taken from real dreams: and it starred Jane, of course, her family, and her hyperbolic subconscious. Jane's face, by good fortune, is uncommonly useful, even iconic—severe, withdrawn in stillness: clownish and cartoonlike when in animation. "I use my face as a still-life object." And her face gazed out from surreal imagery that would intimate, if it didn't fulfill (almost all her scenes happen just before a terrible choice), some household dread. I could sense Henri Rousseau in this. "Yes, I really loved him at a time. But you know what has been a big influence: *Little Lulu* comics. A certain clarity in those pictures really interested me." Little Lulu the midnight shamaness, that one.

Her "moon"-period pastels (and lithograph work) solicited some incriminating complicity from a viewer: for that reason they were often painful to accept. But by the late 1970s, Jane had taken still life under advisement. Her technique was now virtuosic. And she generated works so spectacular, so palpable and mute, that no viewer could disengage himself without consequence. A Lund still life has the

poise and reach of great landscape. And for all their encyclopedic factuality, her still lifes have been imbued as well, somehow, with "moon"-period dream pressure. They are—if this is possible—too real for realism: her intensity of vision redefines seeing. "When I make a pear—it isn't like I'm trying to make a pear look like me—but sometimes I feel as if contours of my body were expressed in my work." No other pastelist has ever had such ambition and the adroitness to accomplish it. In an old subgenre she has made new art.

Not without appreciable cost. "I can't keep doing this. It's too hard. I have to prepare for my old age." One recent self-portrait (now in Boston's Museum of Fine Arts) took 22 months. To improve both vigor and morale, Jane re-examined what had been her "recreational" art form: watercolor. Using a flat, yet three-dimensional, construction technique (which may derive from another childhood fancy—the jump-up book), she created and boxed "little psychological scenes from people's lives" under glass. Wit and surprise are elemental here. The watercolor constructions renounce scientific perspective: it is as if Giotto were drawing *Smokey Stover*. Though complex and often eerie, they are light-hearted in comparison with work from her "moon" period. Their power depends on their relaxation. For the first time—it is a sign of her maturity—Jane felt free to entertain.

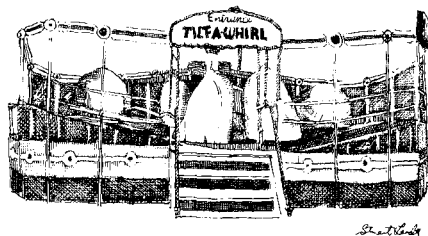
But, by my lights, writing about art (or music) is misapplied force: like a screw hammered in. Direct experience is essential. From September 17 onward a rare, comprehensive exhibition of Jane Lund's work—past and present—will run at the Forum Gallery in New York. Attend, if you can. It will refurbish your vision. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Blues, by John Hersey (Knopf, 205 pp., \$16.95)

Open Season, by William Humphrey (Delacorte, 323 pp., \$18.95)

FISHERMEN'S PROSE is generally supple and humane and yet has the tensile strength of a line well cast into a deeply reflective pool or fast-running



stream. The journalist and novelist John Hersey has the disposition of the truly gifted fisherman—equanimity's the word for it—a gift that might be a little harder to maintain when the quarry, day after day, is the relentless and hard-hitting bluefish. Hersey's handbook, *Blues*, both practical and contemplative, is without question the *Compleat Angler* of modern bluefishing. It is imitative in form, consisting of a dialogue between "Fisherman" and "Stranger," the latter a curious visitor taken aboard the fisherman's bass-boat *Spray* for a summer of bluefishing in the Middle Ground waters off Martha's Vineyard. But sometimes the dialogue could use the fresh saltiness of the sea itself. At one point, early on, the Stranger says: "But I also have to admit that the experience of eating that bluefish the other day has hung on in my mind, like the half-memory of a vivid dream, with its vague residue of both pleasure and disturbance." If I had been Hersey, I'd have told the sonofabitch to get off my boat. The novelist William Humphrey, in his collection of sporting adventures called *Open Season*, is the more classical type of fisherman in the tradition of Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton. He has fished the great chalk streams of southern England—the Itchen, the Test, and the Frome—an account of which is reprinted here in "The Spawning Run." Here too, in "My Moby Dick," is Humphrey on the fluvial trail of the great fabled trout that haunted the Housatonic at Stockbridge, in the Berkshire Mountains of Massachusetts. THOMAS P. McDONNELL

Holidays in Hell, by P. J. O'Rourke (Atlantic Monthly Press, 257 pp., \$16.95)

P. J. O'ROURKE is, as everyone knows, quite funny; he's also damn smart—how else could a conservative get an expense account from *Rolling Stone*? They think he's a sort of travel writer, but he's really a first-rate liberal-muncher: between reports on dumb goons in the Philippines,

fanatical goons in Lebanon, and just plain brutal, sadistic, country-destroying goons in Poland and Nicaragua, *Holidays in Hell* will make you very happy you live in a country with solid bourgeois ideas of public order and reasonable levels of corruption—unless you live in Heritage USA, Epcot Center, or Harvard, horrors he bashes for variety's sake. As in any travel book, we pick up bits of local color: gunfire means "queue up" in Lebanon; there is no word for "calm down" in Arabic; and "The French are masters of 'the dog ate my homework' school of diplomatic relations." And nothing makes the problems of the East Bloc more vivid than O'Rourke's description of the extremely grim party scene, concluding: "To grasp the true meaning of socialism, imagine a world where everything is designed by the post office, even the sleaze." It seems to me that the real point to "P. J.'s Laff Riot" is the tremendous power achieved when he departs from that humorous voice. For example, on Nicaragua: "I didn't think you could wreck a Central American country. I thought they came pre-wrecked from the time of the fall of classical Mayan civilization in 900 A.D. I didn't think you could make things more depressing than they are in, say, El Salvador or the slums of Colón, Panama. But the Sandinistas had done it. And the Nicaraguans were losing that big, rude, cynical Latin American laugh. They were starting to get the dry humor of perfect despair that the Poles and Czechs and Russians have. We would pass by a burned-out factory, and our driver would say, with a deadpan face, 'This belongs to the people now.'"

MARK CUNNINGHAM

HART

(Continued from page 43)

concerned, there is no such thing as equality.

These feminist professors do not hesitate to impose their ideology even on their own heroines. Virginia Woolf herself does not stand a chance in their mincing machine. They read her book *A Room of One's Own* as a feminist tract—ignoring the fact that Virginia Woolf herself, the actual writer, made exactly the opposite point in that essay. Whether Mrs. Woolf is correct or not, at least she has a right to her own thoughts. She says that it is

"fatal for anyone who writes to think of their sex . . . It is fatal for a woman to lay the least stress on any grievance; to plead even with justice any cause; in any way to speak consciously as a woman." Virginia Woolf is not allowed by the feminist critics to get away with such bad-think.

It is quite possible, of course, that Mrs. Woolf was wrong. Literature can emerge out of rage or craziness or even ideology. Mrs. Woolf was imagining a kind of Shakespearean transcendence, all passion spent, the greatest writer who ever wrote but whose own voice we never hear. But the academic Gubars and Showalters and Gilberts will not let Woolf be Woolf, live in her own thoughts as a writer.

We have seen this all before. The Stalinist critics once instructed us that there was something more important than literature. All books, all poems and paintings and music, had to serve the myth of "The Revolution." Boy Meets Tractor.

The feminist Bowdlerists are the new Stalinists in the academy. They certainly believe that there are commanding grudges, which are more important than truth, fairness, intelligence, and good writing.

I file this report from the academic trenches. But I am optimistic. Things are going to get much better, although it seems that first they are going to get even worse. Professors Gilbert and Gubar are cooking up a three-volume extravaganza that discovers *No Man's Land*; the second volume will reportedly deal with the "lesbian literary tradition."

If Professors Gilbert and Gubar and Showalter discussed *Wuthering Heights* with Emily Brontë, they would be morally and intellectually annihilated. The real books will win, and win, and win, even in the stupid world of the present-day academy. □

TUCKER

(Continued from page 38)

a bunch of privileged, middle-class kids trash an institution that neither they nor their children could ever hope to enter—except in a uniform?

Actually, there was one nice moment. In the closing seminar, "Where We Were Then, Where We Are Now," Steve Press, now a recreation counselor in Ann Arbor, recounted a political crisis he survived in 1970.

"I was in a group called the Collective for Left-Wing Unity," Press recalled. "Along with our attempts to create left-wing unity, the men's group also started playing softball in Central Park. After a while, we got pretty good. One of the teams we played was the Cuban Mission to the UN. They had a terrific team, but we actually beat them once.

"Then one day the women in our collective announced that they wanted to play on the softball team as well. The men's position was that we might let a woman play, but she would have to be a *pretty good* softball player because we had a *pretty good* softball team. To the women this was politically unacceptable. They said they wanted to play no matter what. After a while, I finally had to admit that I didn't have a politically correct argument on the issue. It was just the way I wanted to play softball.

"That was the beginning of the end for me," he confessed. "I finally realized that you can't spend your whole life trying to live the correct line. I am happy to report today that in Ann Arbor you can now play any kind of softball you want—all men, all women, or co-ed. Ann Arbor is the softball capital of the Midwest." □

BRIMELOW

(Continued from page 48)

collapse now headed the agenda. But it was at about this point that American exports started to pick up, exactly as predicted by those who believed the problem was self-correcting. And by the middle of 1988, it became clear that the world was not collapsing into recession.

Instead, something quite unusual had occurred: all the major industrial economies were expanding strongly at the same time. Interest rates were rising everywhere—partly because that's what interest rates do when demands for credit increase, but perhaps also because central bankers seem to have decided they want a stable dollar in this election year and have therefore moved to check its rebound by raising their own rates. After all their moaning about Reaganomics, they are voting Republican with their currencies. Apparently they fear Dukakonomics (that is, AFL-CIONomics, a/k/a protectionism) even more.

What about domestic politics? In

terms of contending economic ideologies, of course, none is dominant. One reason the recent discount-rate hike surprised people is that it directly contradicted earlier comments by one Fed governor, Manuel H. Johnson, suggesting that the Fed had finally decided on specific market symptoms by which to guide its policy (commodity prices, the exchange rate, aspects of the debt market). Apparently, this report was premature. For none of these symptoms indicated that a rate increase was particularly necessary on August 9.

In terms of partisan politics, the fact that the economy has resolutely continued to expand obviously reduces the Administration's desire to put pressure on the Fed. And from a technical point of view, the dilemma the Fed faces is sufficiently difficult to deter most meddlers. Inflation is thought to be picking up, but the indices may be distorted by random events like the drought. (Price increases as a result of things like droughts don't count as inflation, since people simply have less money to spend on other things. Inflation is a *generalized* rise in the price level.) It's also possible, as some Wall Streeters maintain, that inflation fears are overdone. The recent fall in the price of gold is a powerful endorsement of that argument. And if the Fed raises rates sharply to choke off inflation, it might trigger a rise in the dollar, raising import prices irritatingly, or—horrors!—precipitating another stock-market crash.

Curiously, both believers and skeptics on the subject of inflation are generally favorable to Greenspan, the former because he is raising rates, the latter because he is doing so rather slowly. In fact, the only real winner in the economic wars of the last few years is the office of Fed chairman. It used to be taken for granted that presidential-election years would see monetary looseness and a surging stock market. But recently Volcker and now Greenspan seem to have found the right combination of hope and horror to hold the politicians at bay.

But life is not unimaginable without a Federal Reserve. Indeed, Milton Friedman's latest proposal is to freeze the monetary base and deregulate the banking industry, allowing credit to be completely determined by market forces. So the only real question is whether this endless melodrama is worth while. □

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ROBERT W. POOLE:

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WHAT'S GOING ON?

NEW YORK, AUG. 29

SOMETHING is going on that you and I should know about. The initial explosion hit us on Friday morning: Vice President George Bush's *New York Times* interview aboard his plane, on the subject of SDI, was the front-page news. It could hardly have been less than that in Moscow.

There is a certain vagueness in Mr. Bush's language now and then that could in this case be good news, or it could be bad news. Speaking about SDI and other matters, he said that in serving as Vice President he had, in the reporter's paraphrase, "sublimated his passions and convictions." If that is actually what he meant to say, then he was saying that by siding with Ronald Reagan, he had put to a higher purpose his own relatively base passions and convictions. But did he intend to convey that, now that he is heading the ticket, he is once again superordinating his own, inferior convictions?

It gets complicated, but we learn that, in recent strategy sessions, the Bush people came to the conclusion that SDI—Star Wars; the space shield—is not a winning political issue and should not therefore be central to the political campaign. This is a strange conclusion to reach given a fairly recent poll. It tells us (incredibly) that 64 per cent of the American people are under the impression that we have already implemented the strategic-defense system. And when asked, "Do you want the U.S. Government to protect America against Soviet missiles?" 90 per cent answered, Yes.

Now the conservative weekly *Human Events* reveals that there was a strange tug of war during the week before the convention in New Orleans. Bay Buchanan, serving on the platform committee fashioning the Republican statement on defense, was adamant that the platform should commit the party to deploying a strategic-defense system by 1992. Senator John Tower materialized and said that the Bush forces would prefer "as soon as possible." To this Miss Buchanan replied that her information was that we were already positioned to deploy a preliminary ground-to-air system, so that to speak of deploying a system "as soon as possible," when we are talking about four years, was on the order of com-

mitting ourselves to painting the White House as soon as possible. It turned out to be a formidable contest, but the ayes had it, and the platform incorporates that commitment.

But then George Bush, in his acceptance speech, was rather stepfatherly in his treatment of SDI, referring only generally to our determination to continue to refine our defense technology. That caught the attention of (and disappointed) those who believe strongly in SDI. They were, however, relieved when as recently as two days before the explosion, Mr. Bush said to a rally in Los Angeles, "Let me tell you something: the appalling danger of nuclear missiles is no fantasy, it is a nightmare. He [Dukakis] would leave America totally defenseless against missiles and I will not. I will go forward with the Strategic Defense Initiative and make a safer world."

But then the very next day, in his (extemporaneous?) interview with Gerald M. Boyd of the *New York Times*, Mr. Bush said that an SDI system would be most awfully expensive, and that he thought what we ought to do is simply continue our research and see where it took us.

Now here is a key distinction—the critical distinction for anyone who has the least familiarity with the debate. If you use the word "research" without also using the word "testing," you adopt flat-out the Soviet position. No research is going to take you where you need to go in the development of a space shield, without testing. And the whole argument over the interpretation of the ABM treaty has to do with whether space-based testing is or is not permitted. (Answer: It is permitted, in the opinion of the legal counsel of the State Department, with overwhelming historical plausibility. And if it is not permitted, then the ABM treaty should be rescinded, which

could be done six months after Mr. Bush takes office.) Opponents of SDI use the argument that only research is permissible, and their other argument is that the cost of SDI would be outlandish. They like to use the figure One Trillion Dollars, because it has an imperative ring, never mind that it has nothing to do with reality.

So then Mr. Bush said, in the same interview in which he spoke of "research" without speaking of "testing," that he feared that SDI would be "very expensive." He gave the enemies of the system the two arguments they most frequently use. Those, combined with Mr. Bush's implied suggestion that the workability of SDI is problematic, have the effect of sinking official approval of the program.

The Heritage Foundation folk in Washington report that this is very much the doing of Air Force Chief of Staff General Larry Welch, who wants the money for the Air Force. I have seen General Welch in action, and I resist any imputation of factional small-mindedness to him. But then I would say the same thing about George Bush, which leaves us asking the question: What is going on? □

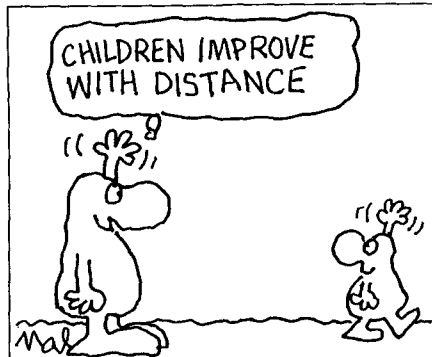
DO YOU PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE?

NEW YORK, SEPT. 2

THE PUBLIC QUARREL over the Pledge of Allegiance brings out the worst in political formulations, but even so is not an entirely useless exchange.

Just to begin with, both sides (Bush and Dukakis) are wrong in the extremity of their interpretation of the other's attitude toward the Pledge. Bush implies that Dukakis is indifferent to patriotism, which he may be; but if he is, that much is not established by his veto of the Massachusetts bill calling for the compulsory recitation of the Pledge in the public schools. And when Dukakis says that Bush's approval of the bill demonstrates that he is not fit to be President because that approval flouts the Constitution of the United States as interpreted by the Supreme Court, Dukakis is engaged in complementary baloney.

Briefly, the court by a narrow majority ruled in 1943 in favor of the Jehovah's



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Witnesses, who were plaintiffs (*West Virginia State Board of Education v. Barnette*) arguing against a law requiring the recitation of the Pledge. The majority opinion was written by Robert Jackson, in his wonderful, mellifluous prose ("Compulsory unification of opinion achieves only the unanimity of the graveyard"), so often better read as poetry than as constitutional analysis. The opinion was accompanied by a rabid dissent by Justice Frankfurter.

Moreover, 1943 was before the Congress (in 1954) stuck the controversial words "under God" into the oath. One must assume that the professional secularists—the ACLU, People for the American Way, Protestants & Others United for a Godless Republic, etc.—have protested the current Pledge, but it is not likely that Mr. Dukakis is going to put the elimination of God from the Pledge into his platform. On the other hand, why not? There are plenty of Supreme Court decisions he could rely on to insist that the incorporation of anything at all religious into the national Pledge of Allegiance is a violation of the First Amendment. Yet Mr. Dukakis tells us that he himself supports saying the Pledge.

Then he gets into derivative problems. The Massachusetts legislature overrode Dukakis's veto. If Dukakis had reasoned correctly, what would then have happened is that a Jehovah's Witness in Massachusetts, or a Mad Madalyn Murray type of God-chaser, would have taken the new law to the Supreme Court and got it invalidated.

But that did not happen. And meanwhile, in Illinois, Governor James Thompson signed a law in all relevant respects the same as the Massachusetts law—and *that* law has not been illegalized by the Supreme Court. Nor (as far as we can discover) have there been any prosecutions deriving from delinquencies under that law.

One is probably safe in putting forward the following generality: that no governor would get into trouble with anybody if he signed a bill requiring the Pledge. His reasoning could be that just as the Court has changed its mind before, so is it likely to do so again: and meanwhile, the job of the executive is to transcribe the popular will.

And it is probably reasonable also to put forward the generality that red-white-and-blueism does less for the Democratic candidate than for the Republican candidate. This is not to make an invidious statement, but to use one's general intelligence about the extent to which love of country gets attenuated as you immerse yourself in the ambiguities of modern American liberalism, with its penchant for relative values, world federalism, self-doubt, self-recrimination. You get a pretty diluted view of what it is about the American flag that makes other people all tingly. During the Vietnam years, protestors were quite blunt on the matter (Ho Ho Ho Chi Minh / The NLF is gonna win).

There are those of us who dislike ritual incantations wordier than "Good morning," or "Sleep well." I will zip through my Rosary tonight before sleeping, but prayer, even distracted prayer, is different from secular gymnastics, because every day we need to remind ourselves that we are sinners, and ask God's forgiveness. Whereas every day, on the secular front, we are reminded of how tormenting it is to have to abide the clichés of political controversy. I'm for reciting the Pledge, oh, on the Fourth of July, and perhaps as an act of self-exorcism every time we hear a speech in the United Nations. Every day is too often, though Bush has the better of the two positions in the current controversy. □

IN RE QUAYLE

NEW YORK, AUG. 26

IN 1967, Henry Cabot Lodge, who was serving as ambassador to South Vietnam, asked me to stop by (I was in Saigon on a trip for the USIA). He was stretched out on a couch in his office, in his white linen suit, having had "three straight hours of Mary McCarthy," and clearly he suffered from battle fatigue. Would you believe it, he said to me, Miss McCarthy is under the impression that only blacks and ghetto types come to Vietnam to fight? "Just yesterday the son of one of my best friends was killed." It turned out that the second lieutenant in question was a graduate of West Point, and no one is alleging that West Point graduates sailed through the war wearing white feathers. Cumulative figures, however, tended to bear out the charge that "top young people" mostly got out of the way of the fight in Vietnam.

Much emphasis has been placed on the word "undue" in discussing the question of Dan Quayle. If he had bribed his doctor to declare him ineligible, that obviously would have been undue influence. If he pleaded with a law-school dean to give him a chance notwithstanding that he hadn't been accepted at the law school—is that undue influence? We know that there are students—hundreds of thousands of them—who stayed on in school rather than lose their ineligibility for the draft. On Monday morning, Dan Quayle released the collected figures. There were 27 million men of draft age during the Vietnam years. Nine million "served"—only one-third of the total. And of those nine million, only two million went to Indochina. The balance, one assumes, went to other theaters—Europe, Korea—into the Navy, and to the National Guard.

Viewing his technical performance in New Orleans, one has to say that Senator Quayle was not trained very well at his law school in the art of advocacy. He

might have said: Any time you wish to get into an institution access to which is difficult, it is the American way to use whatever ethical means are at your disposal. In my case I had a perfect opportunity, because the retired head of the Indiana National Guard turned out to be the senior editor of the newspaper owned by my grandfather, and I had known the gentleman since I was a boy. What better place to go for a recommendation? . . . Senator Quayle might have gone on to say that the reason he was in New Orleans in the limelight was that, over the course of time, he had appealed to enough people first to become a congressman, then a senator, finally the vice-presidential candidate.

Instead, Mr. Quayle made such unguarded remarks as to suggest that if, twenty years ago, he had known he would one day be nominated for Vice President, he would not have behaved as he did. That was an opening that commentator after commentator helped himself to in further discussions with Quayle on a subject that has become dreary. If American voters want people to behave other than in the way Dan Quayle behaved in 1969, they had better vote not only for President and Vice President, but for a new country.

It is held that George Bush will now suffer from the ineptitude of his selection of Quayle. It was obviously imprudent to neglect to run him through his polemical paces in preparing him to answer the National Guard point. But assuming there is nothing more there for the press to discover (obviously, while Quayle was at school, he was something of a playboy; as much can be said of the young Churchill, the young Waugh, and the young Augustine), then the salient point is that Bush satisfied himself with the 41-year-old Quayle, not the 21-year-old Quayle. The younger Quayle was fit for an adequate career as a National Guardsman, an adequate career as a young lawyer, and a tournament career as a golfer. The elder Quayle is equipped to hold any senator at bay in a debate on defense questions—including complex questions concerning the nature of the technical responsibilities imposed by the two superpowers who signed the ABM treaty—and to persuade people that his prescriptions for the future of America are more exciting than those being promoted by Democratic candidates.

It shouldn't be more complicated than that, but it will be. And, one supposes, when Stage #2 (so's your old man) comes along, people will ask Senator Bentsen whether he used any undue influence on behalf of his son, and ask the same question of George Bush. If it turns out that they didn't help their sons along the way, they should both resign from the campaign; and we can start the search for a new President all over again. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

- A. One kind of cruise **SHAKE DOWN**
37 171 16 141 54 132 201 67 98
- B. Like a tiger needing dentures **TOOTHLESS**
60 77 140 9 44 24 203 151 104
- C. Avoiding a direct question **EVASIVE**
189 78 50 155 115 197 66
- D. Erie meeting **TOWTOW**
111 156 192 178 88 93
- E. Dissembler **HYPOCRITE**
134 123 4 159 144 114 97 70 49
- F. Capable **EFFECTIVE**
161 63 127 84 26 170 8 55 196
- G. Onetime soft-drink brand **NEHI**
202 142 186 71
- H. Dukakis is this kind of ACLU member (hyph.) **CARD CARRYER**
43 118 188 107 100 23 12 76 200 32
NG
149 174
- I. Travels in thumbs-up style? **ELITCHHIKES**
195 128 90 14 52 35 172 96 2 69
- J. Curse **ANATHEMA**
41 59 175 181 83 131 29 105
- K. Units of light **PHOTONS**
11 109 145 87 27 168 182
- L. A defense system Dukakis opposes **MIDGETMAN**
147 79 138 99 45 64 157 36 121
- M. Onetime source of shoe material **ALLIGATORS**
179 122 137 5 21 187 108 184 129 61

- N. Irritating **NETTLESOME**
160 92 39 116 101 198 25 125 74 7
- O. Frequently **EFTEN**
169 89 194 56 106
- P. Rocket part **NOSECONE**
72 86 185 135 51 164 38 19
- Q. Nineteenth-century Polish composer **CHOPIN**
124 163 112 75 17 173
- R. Greatest of a certain society of fellows? **ODD EDD**
94 46 20 158 167 152
- S. Nuclear hot spot **MELTDOWN**
40 110 85 191 1 62 162 31
- T. Obelisk **MONOLITH**
146 120 80 136 15 193 6 48
- U. The Great Bear (2 words) **URSAMAJOR**
30 95 154 102 57 143 139 113 199
- V. When a nocturne is appropriate **NIGHTTIME**
126 153 81 117 42 133 190 18 58
- W. Panama has one **ISTHMS**
73 119 47 165 28 148 10
- X. A Capital institution **SENATE**
103 34 150 82 65 3 22 180 53 166
- Y. Ways **METHODS**
130 68 183 91 13 177 33

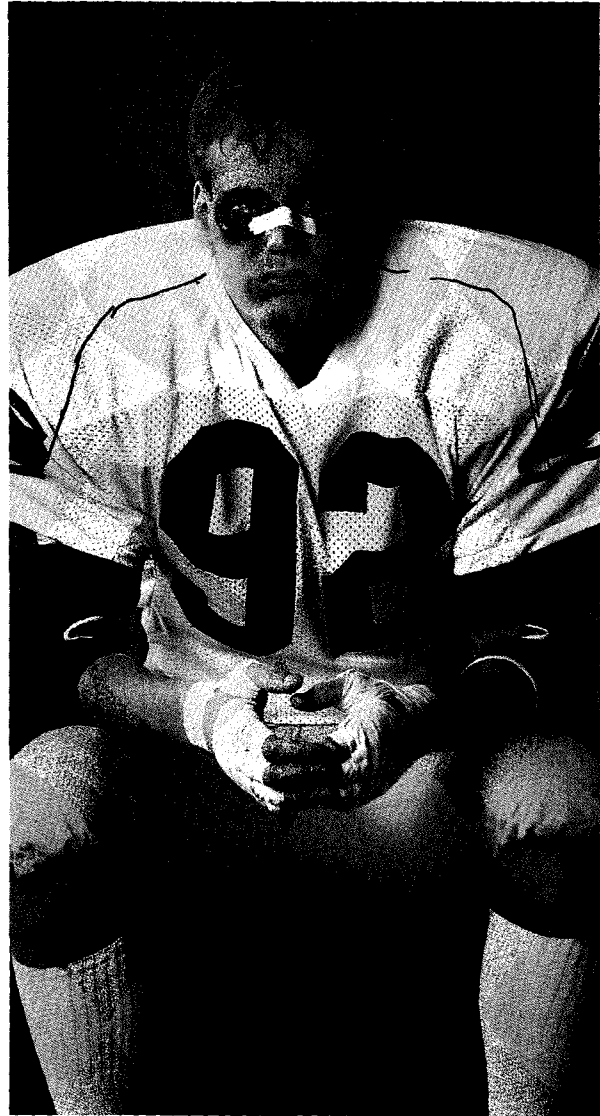
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1 S	2 I	3 X	4 E	5 M	6 T	7 N		8 F	9 B	10 W		11 K	12 H	13 Y	14 I	15 T	16 A	17 Q	18 V	19 P	20 R	
D	E	S	P	I	T	E		I	T	S		P	R	O	C	L	A	R	M	E	D	
21 M	22 X	23 H	24 B	25 N		26 F	27 K	28 W	29 J	30 U	31 S	32 H	33 Y	34 X		35 I	36 L	37 A	38 P	39 N		40 S
G	O	A	L	S		C	O	M	M	U	N	I	S	M		H	A	S	N	T		M
41 J	42 V	43 H	44 B	45 L	46 R		47 W	48 T	49 E		50 C	51 P	52 I	53 X	54 A	55 F	56 O	57 U	58 V	59 J	60 B	61 M
A	T	C	H	E	D		T	H	E		A	C	H	I	E	V	E	M	E	N	T	S
	62 S	63 F		64 L	65 X	66 C		67 A	68 Y	69 I	70 E		71 G	72 P		73 W	74 N	75 Q	76 H	77 B	78 C	79 L
	O	F		T	H	E		W	E	S	T		I	N		I	M	P	R	O	V	I
80 T	81 V		82 X	83 J	84 F		85 S	86 P	87 K		88 D	89 O		90 I	91 Y	92 N		93 D	94 R	95 U	96 I	97 E
N	G		T	H	E		O	T		O	F		T	H	E		W	O	R	K		I
98 A	99 L		100 H	101 N	102 U	103 X	104 B		105 J	106 O	107 H		108 M	109 K	110 S		111 D	112 Q	113 U	114 E		115 C
N	G		C	L	A	S	S		A	N	D			T	H	E		P	O	R		I
116 N		117 V	118 H	119 W		120 T	121 L	122 M	123 E		124 Q	125 N	126 V	127 F	128 I	129 M	130 Y	131 J	132 A		133 V	134 E
T		H	A	S		O	N	L	Y		O	O	N	F	I	R	M	E	D		T	H
135 P		136 T	137 M	138 L		139 U	140 B	141 A	142 G		143 U		144 E	145 K	146 T	147 L	148 W	149 H	150 X	151 B	152 R	
E		O	L	D		U	O	K	E		A		C	O	M	M	U	N	I	S	T	
153 V	154 U		155 C	156 D	157 L	158 R	159 E	160 N	161 F		162 S	163 Q	164 P		165 W	166 X	167 R		168 K	169 O	170 F	171 A
I	S		S	O	M	E	O	N	E		W	H	O		S	A	S		N	O	T	H
172 I	173 Q	174 H		175 J	176 X	177 Y		178 D	179 M	180 X	181 J	182 K		183 Y	184 M		185 P	186 G	187 M	188 H	189 C	
I	N	G		A	N	D		W	A	N	T	S		T	O		S	H	A	R	E	
190 V	191 S		192 D	193 T	194 O	195 I		196 F	197 C	198 N	199 U	200 H	201 A	202 G	203 B							
I	T		W	I	T	H		E	V	E	R	Y	O	N	E							

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. See page 62 for solution to last Trans-O-GRAM.

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tar and nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85.